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Classics

Miguel de Cervantes

DON QUIXOTE

PART I

ADAPTED BY LLOYD S. WAGNER ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD KOHLRUS

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Miguel de Cervantes

DON QUIXOTE

PART I

CAMPFIRE™

KALYANI NAVYUG MEDIA PVT. LTD.
NEW DELHI

DON QUIXOTE

PART I

Sitting around the Campfire, telling the story, were:

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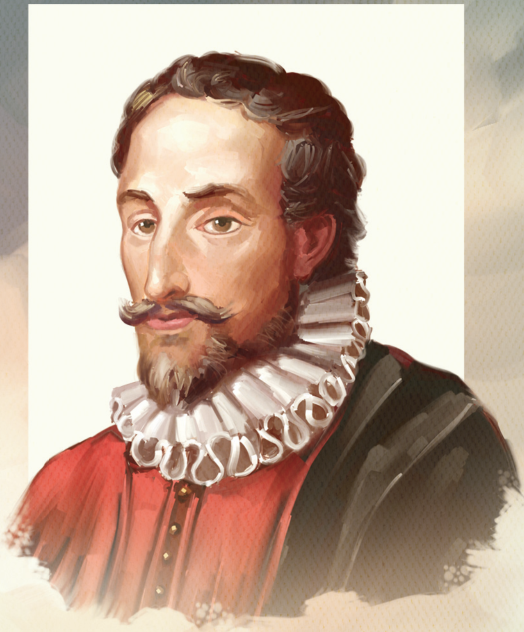


ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was born on September 29, 1547 in Spain. Although his father was a doctor, Miguel's family resided in poverty. They also often moved around Spain, and as a result of this, little is known about Miguel's early life.

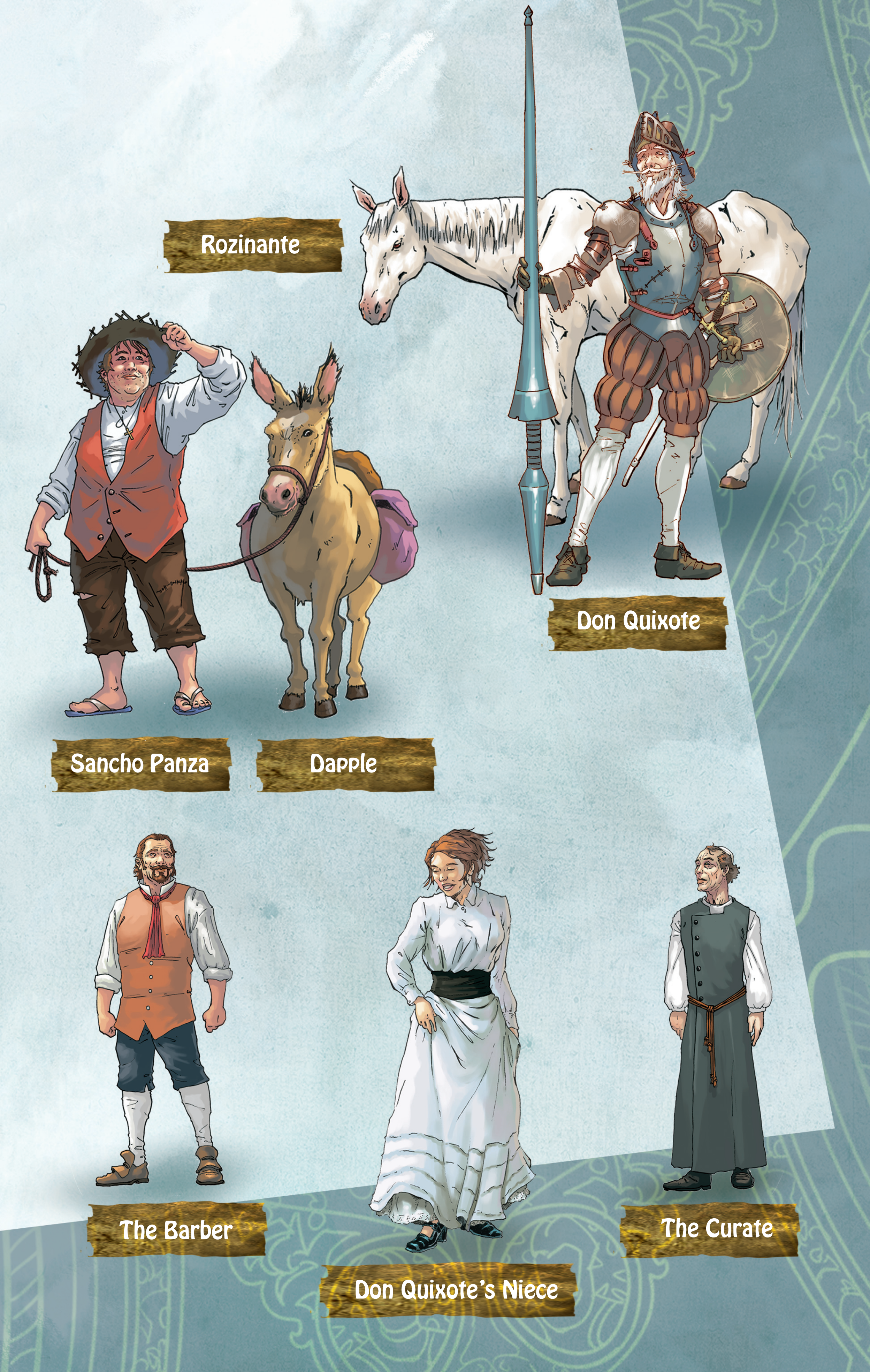
After some studies in Madrid, Miguel became a soldier at the age of twenty-one. In 1571, he took part in the battle of Lepanto, and lost the use of his left arm during the fighting.

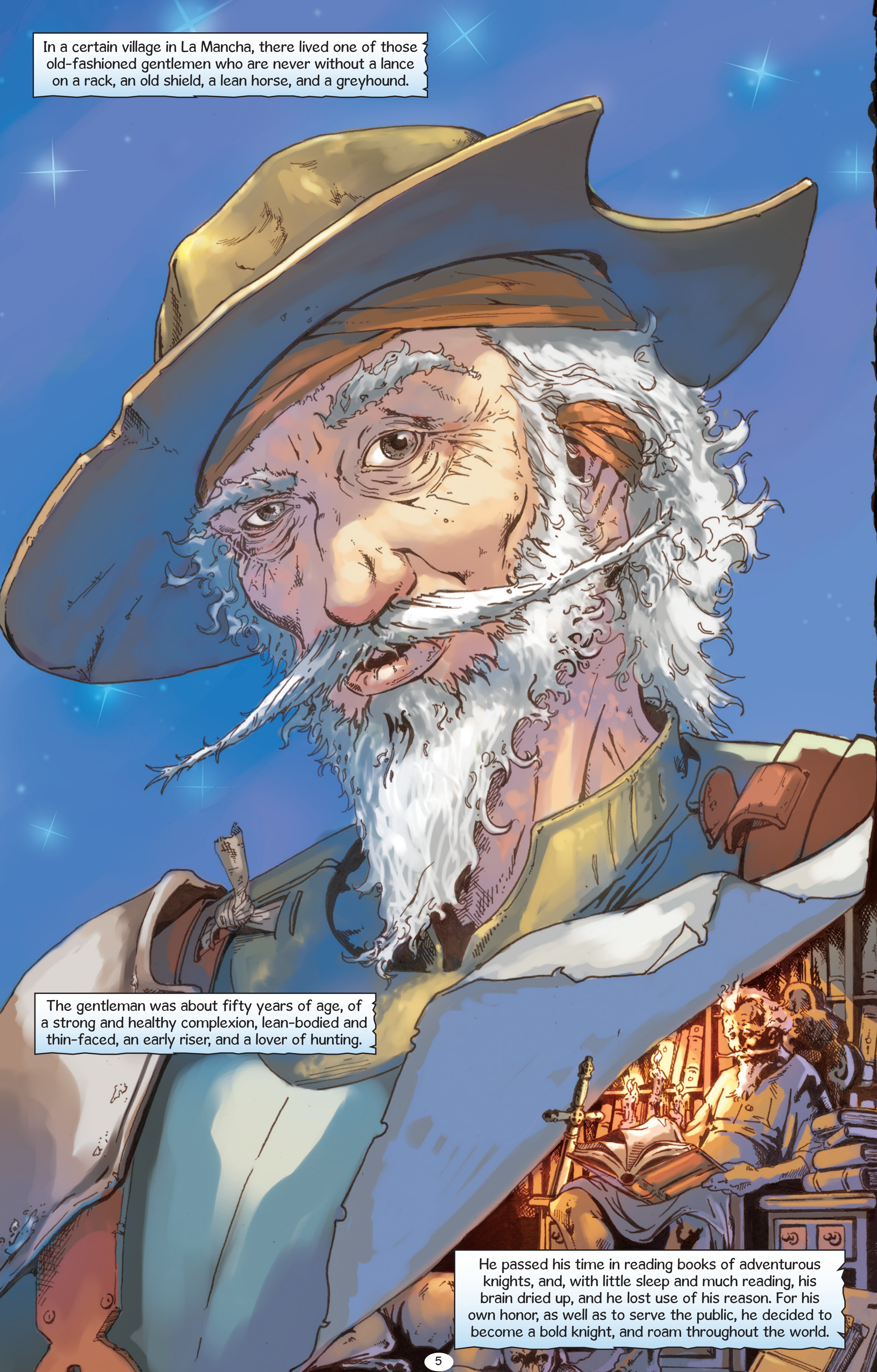
While returning from military service, Miguel was kidnapped by Barbary pirates and enslaved in Algiers for five years. After several escape attempts, he was eventually ransomed and returned to Spain in 1580.

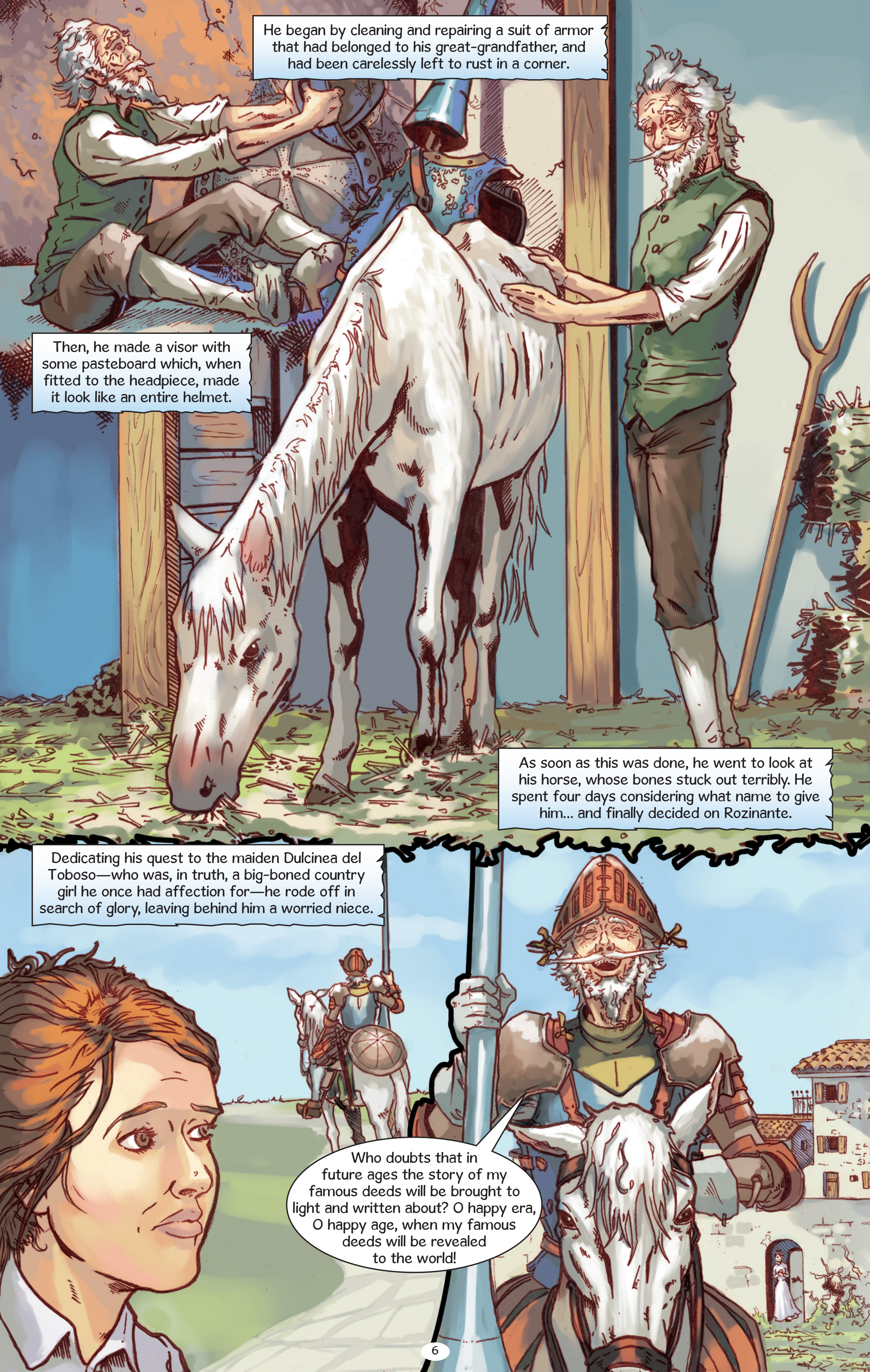
Five years later, Miguel entered the civil service, working as a tax collector and government purchasing agent. Irregularities with his accounts led to his being imprisoned on two occasions.

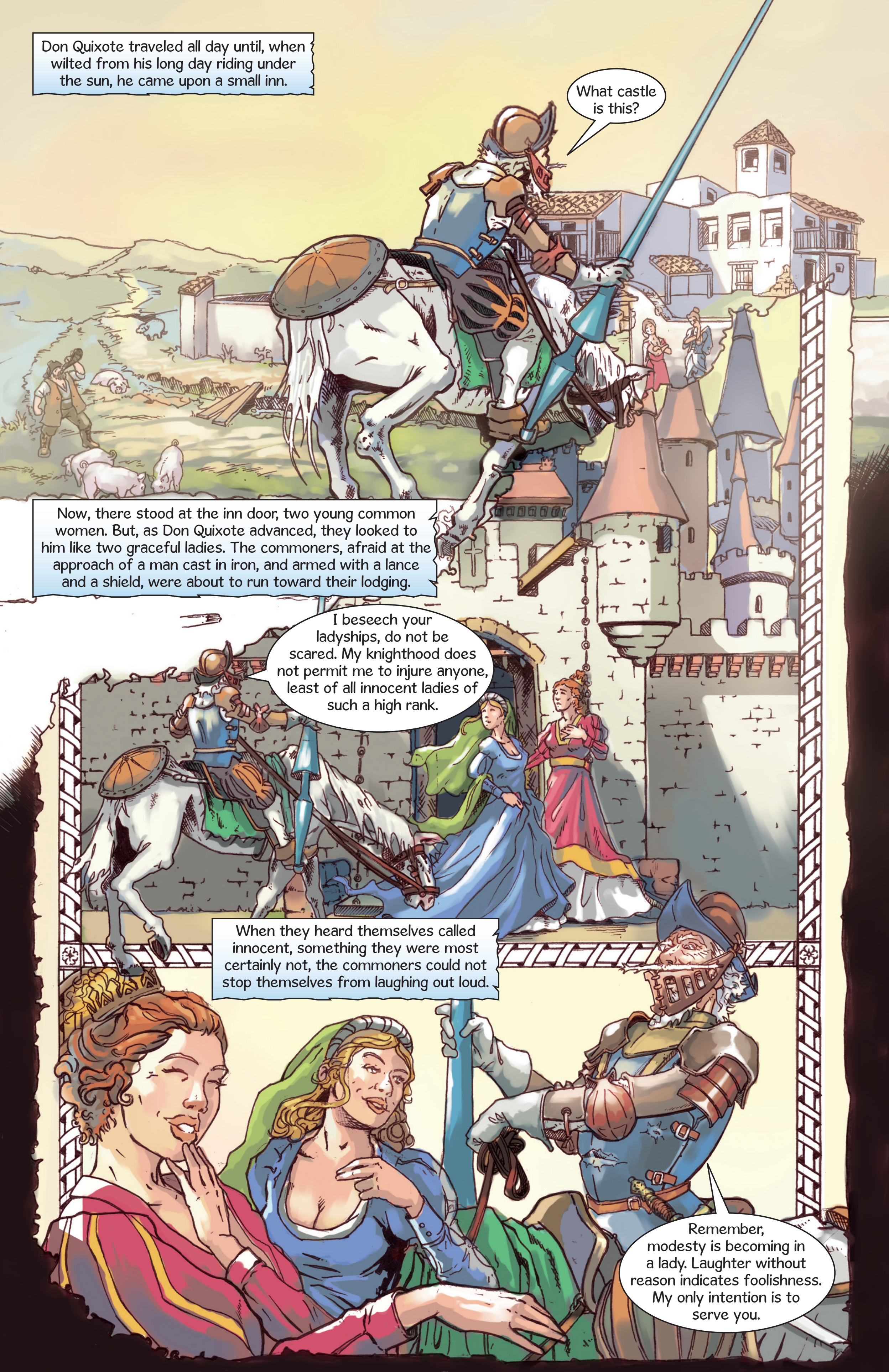
By 1585, Miguel had developed an interest in a literary career and he published his first novel *La Galatea* that same year. He also wrote numerous plays in the following years.

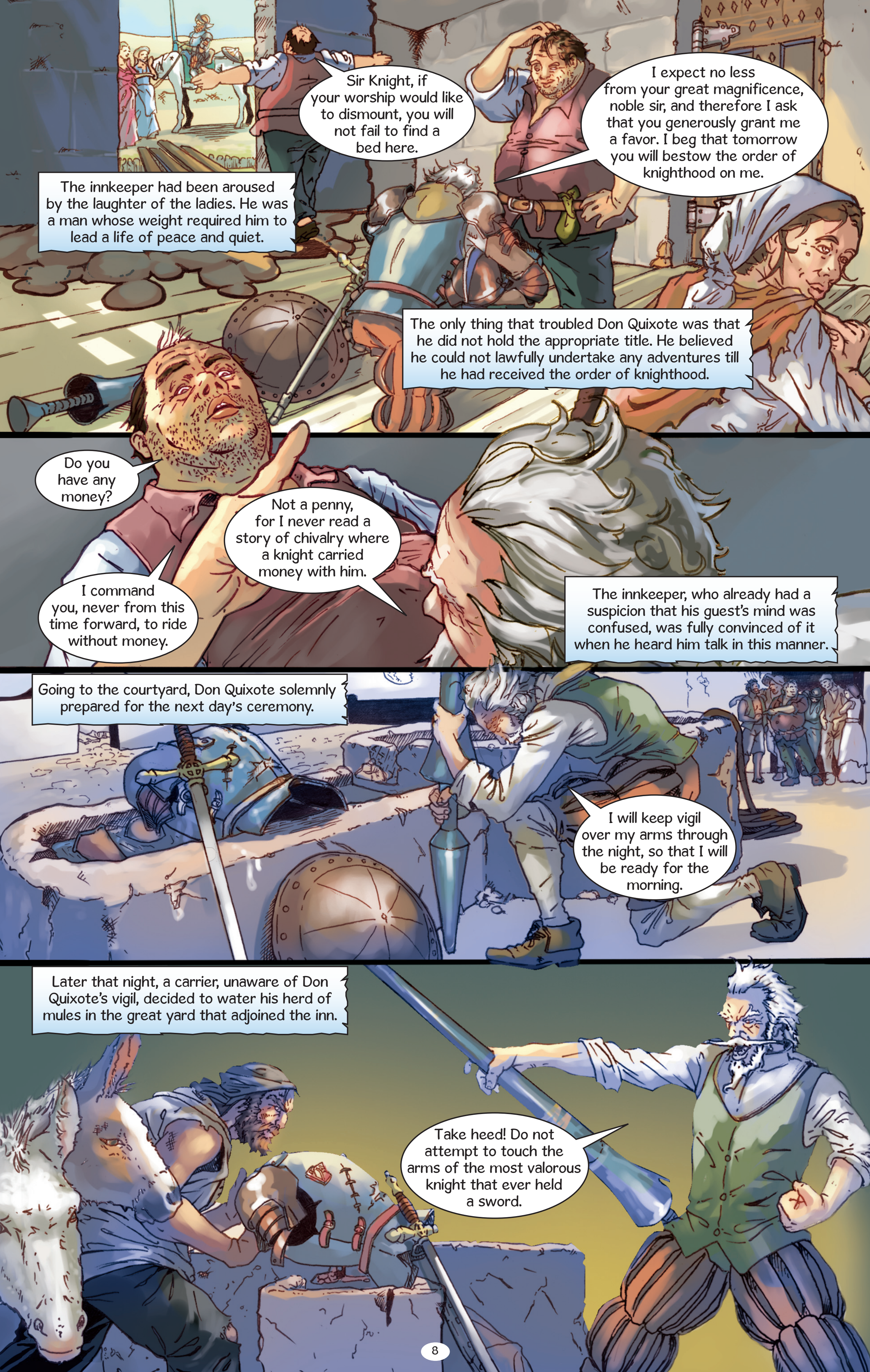
However, literary success eluded the author until the publication of *Don Quixote* in 1605. The success of the novel was such that an unauthorized sequel appeared forcing Cervantes to write his own second part, published one year prior to his death in 1615.

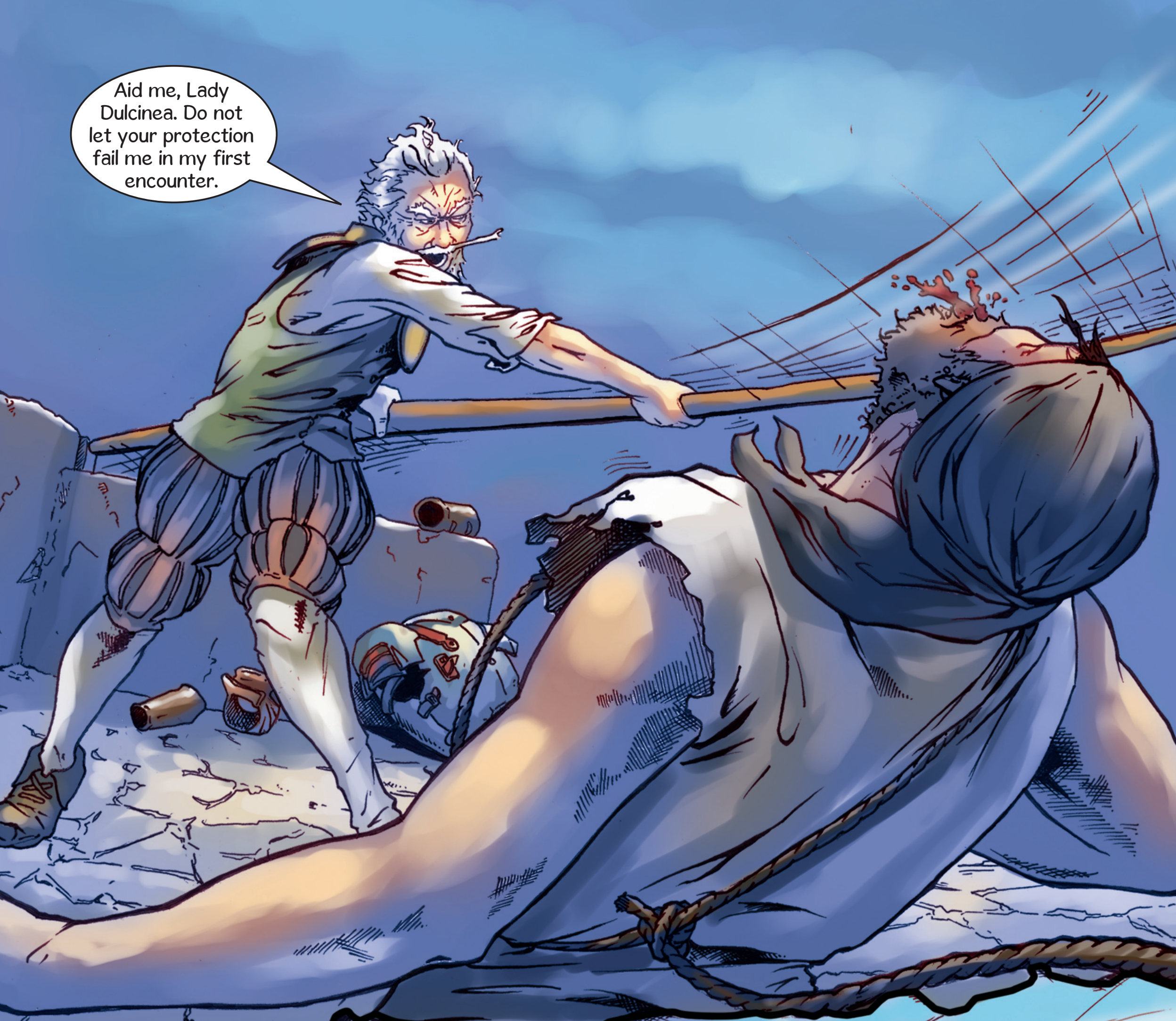

Rozinante
Don Quixote
Sancho Panza
Dapple
The Barber
The Curate
Don Quixote's Niece


In a certain village in La Mancha, there lived one of those old-fashioned gentlemen who are never without a lance on a rack, an old shield, a lean horse, and a greyhound.
The gentleman was about fifty years of age, of a strong and healthy complexion, lean-bodied and thin-faced, an early riser, and a lover of hunting.
He passed his time in reading books of adventurous knights, and, with little sleep and much reading, his brain dried up, and he lost use of his reason. For his own honor, as well as to serve the public, he decided to become a bold knight, and roam throughout the world.

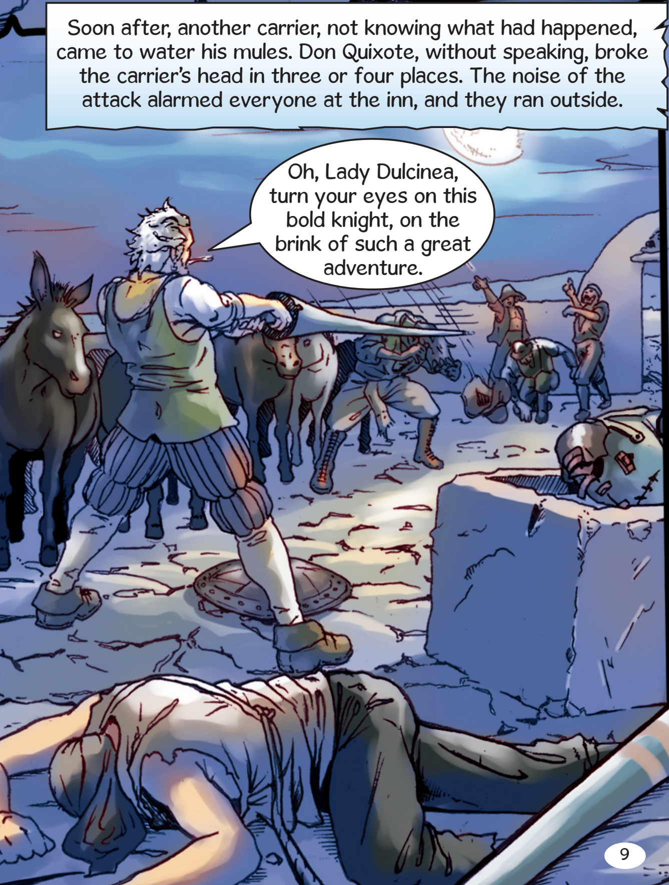

He began by cleaning and repairing a suit of armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had been carelessly left to rust in a corner.
Then, he made a visor with some pasteboard which, when fitted to the headpiece, made it look like an entire helmet.
As soon as this was done, he went to look at his horse, whose bones stuck out terribly. He spent four days considering what name to give him... and finally decided on Rozinante.
Dedicating his quest to the maiden Dulcinea del Toboso—who was, in truth, a big-boned country girl he once had affection for—he rode off in search of glory, leaving behind him a worried niece.
Who doubts that in future ages the story of my famous deeds will be brought to light and written about? O happy era, O happy age, when my famous deeds will be revealed to the world!


Don Quixote traveled all day until, when wilted from his long day riding under the sun, he came upon a small inn.
What castle is this?
Now, there stood at the inn door, two young common women. But, as Don Quixote advanced, they looked to him like two graceful ladies. The commoners, afraid at the approach of a man cast in iron, and armed with a lance and a shield, were about to run toward their lodging.
I beseech your ladyships, do not be scared. My knighthood does not permit me to injure anyone, least of all innocent ladies of such a high rank.
When they heard themselves called innocent, something they were most certainly not, the commoners could not stop themselves from laughing out loud.
Remember, modesty is becoming in a lady. Laughter without reason indicates foolishness. My only intention is to serve you.

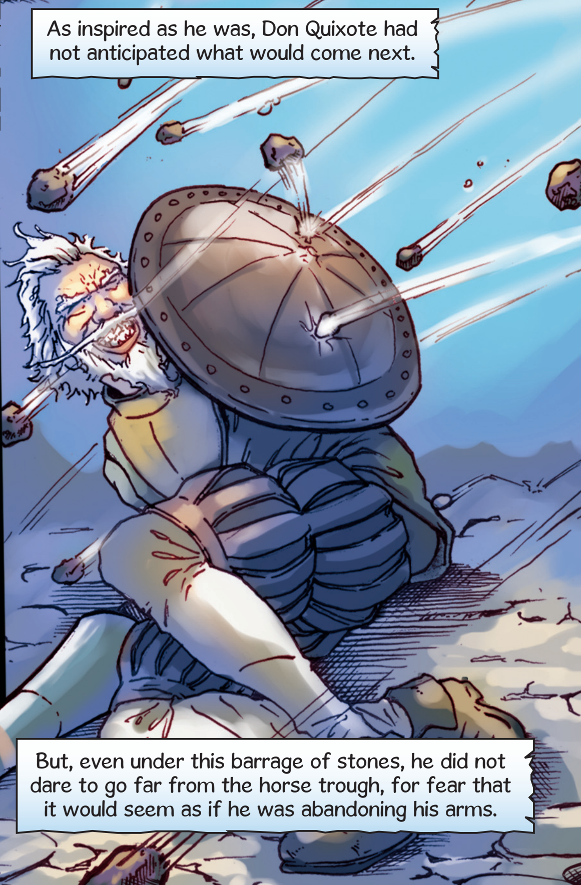

Sir Knight, if your worship would like to dismount, you will not fail to find a bed here.
The innkeeper had been aroused by the laughter of the ladies. He was a man whose weight required him to lead a life of peace and quiet.
I expect no less from your great magnificence, noble sir, and therefore I ask that you generously grant me a favor. I beg that tomorrow you will bestow the order of knighthood on me.
The only thing that troubled Don Quixote was that he did not hold the appropriate title. He believed he could not lawfully undertake any adventures till he had received the order of knighthood.
Do you have any money?
Not a penny, for I never read a story of chivalry where a knight carried money with him.
I command you, never from this time forward, to ride without money.
The innkeeper, who already had a suspicion that his guest's mind was confused, was fully convinced of it when he heard him talk in this manner.
Going to the courtyard, Don Quixote solemnly prepared for the next day's ceremony.
I will keep vigil over my arms through the night, so that I will be ready for the morning.
Later that night, a carrier, unaware of Don Quixote's vigil, decided to water his herd of mules in the great yard that adjoined the inn.
Take heed! Do not attempt to touch the arms of the most valorous knight that ever held a sword.


Aid me, Lady Dulcinea. Do not let your protection fail me in my first encounter.

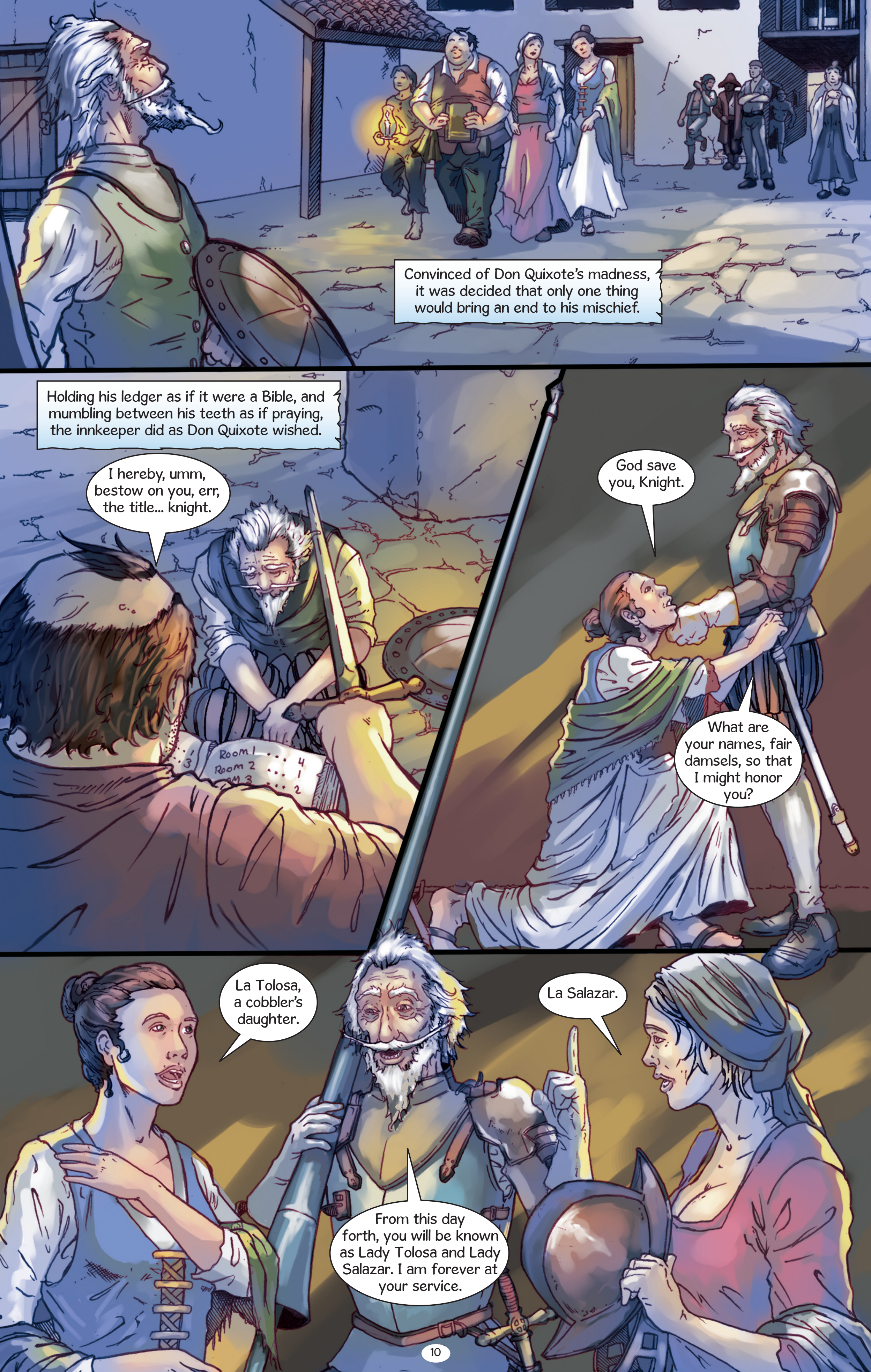
Soon after, another carrier, not knowing what had happened, came to water his mules. Don Quixote, without speaking, broke the carrier's head in three or four places. The noise of the attack alarmed everyone at the inn, and they ran outside.

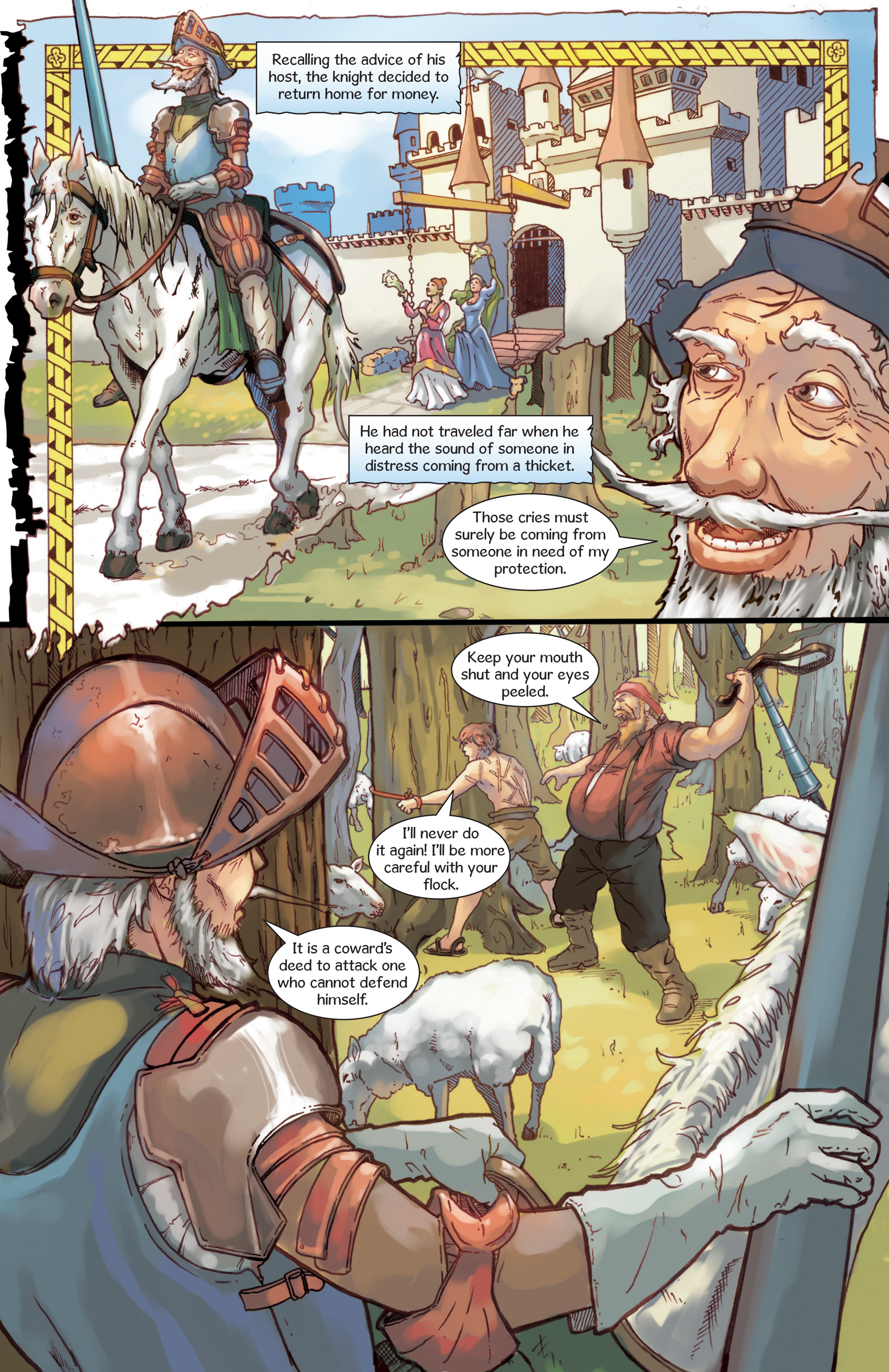

Oh, Lady Dulcinea, turn your eyes on this bold knight, on the brink of such a great adventure.

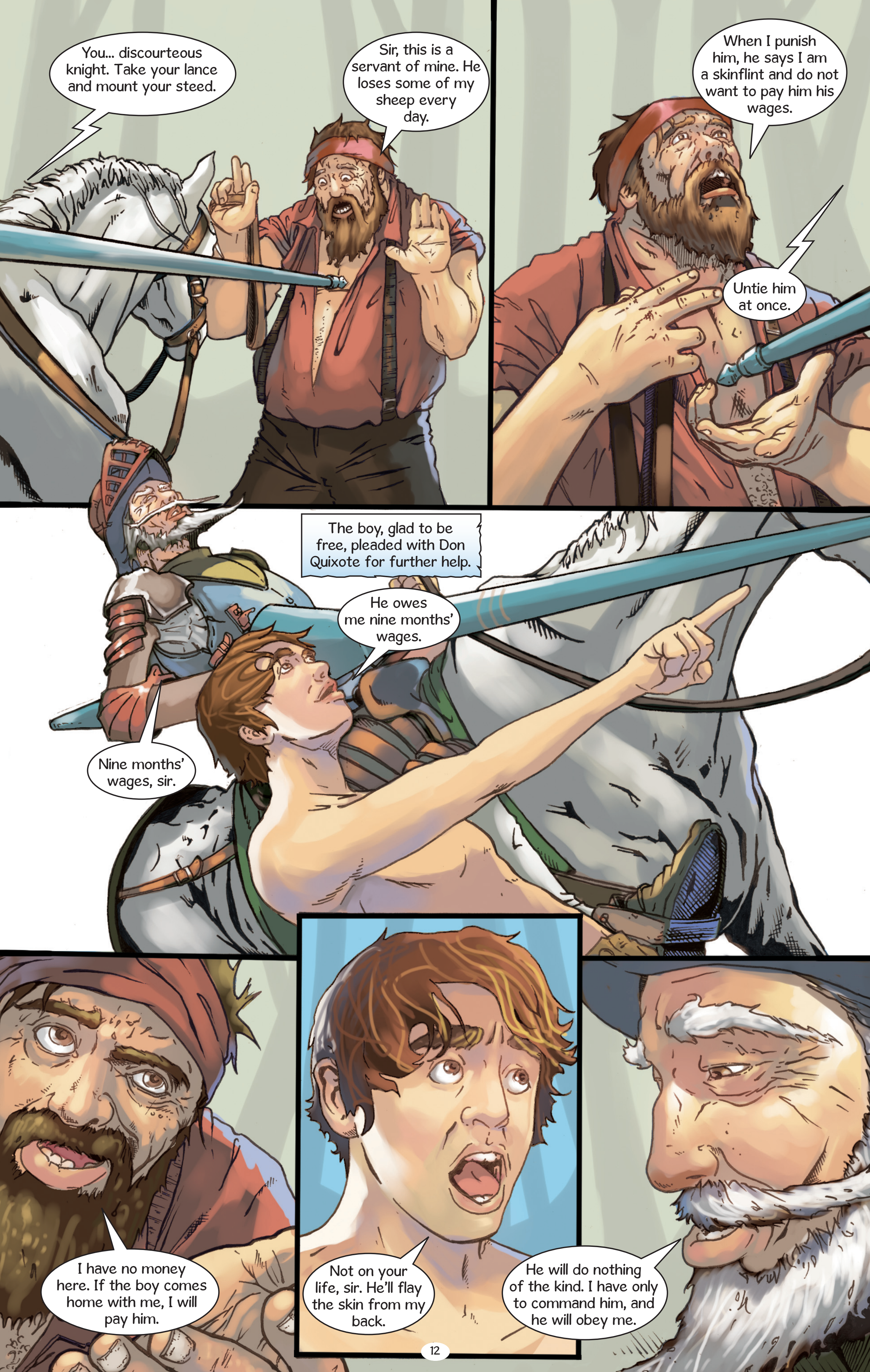
As inspired as he was, Don Quixote had not anticipated what would come next.

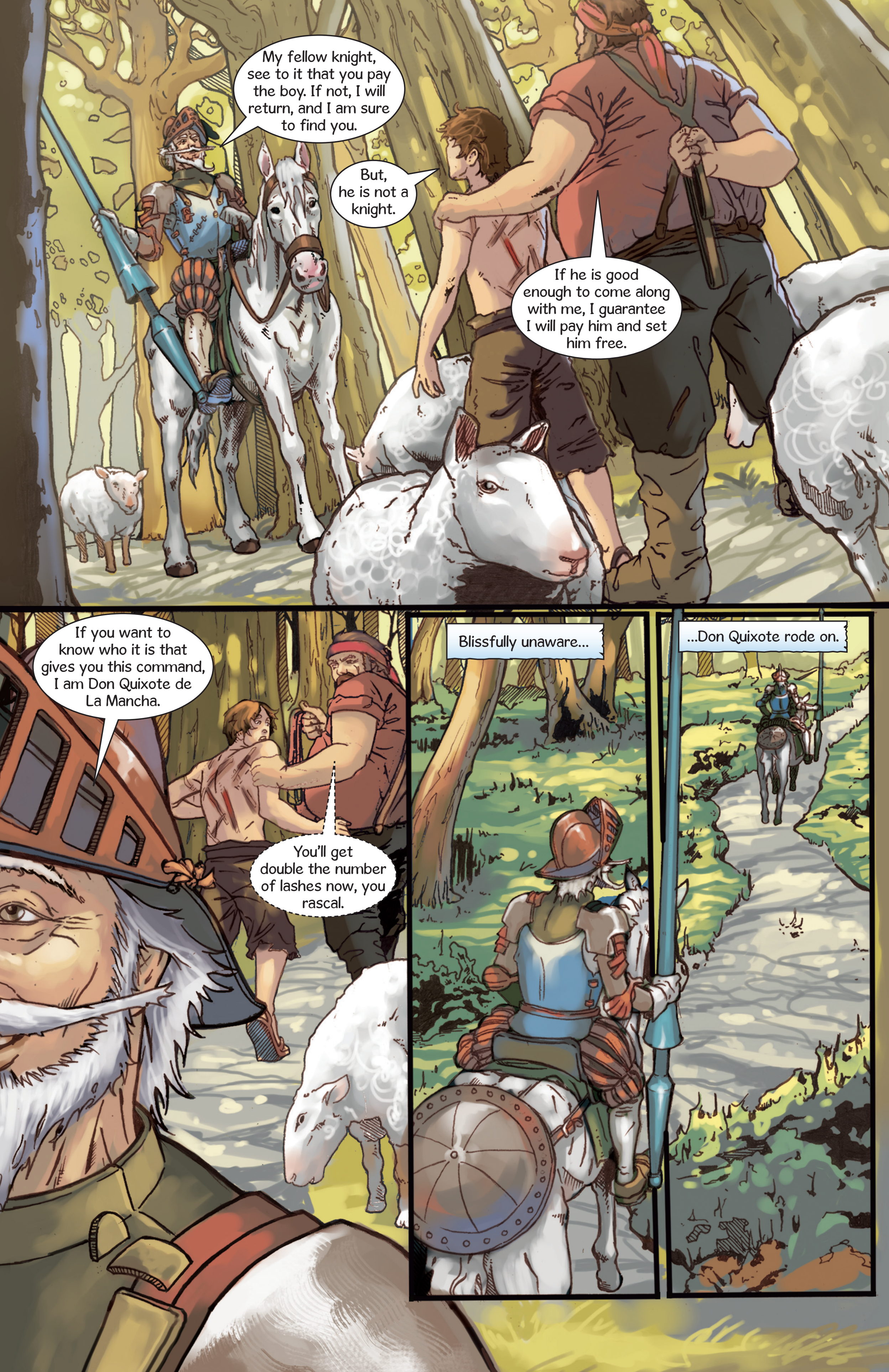


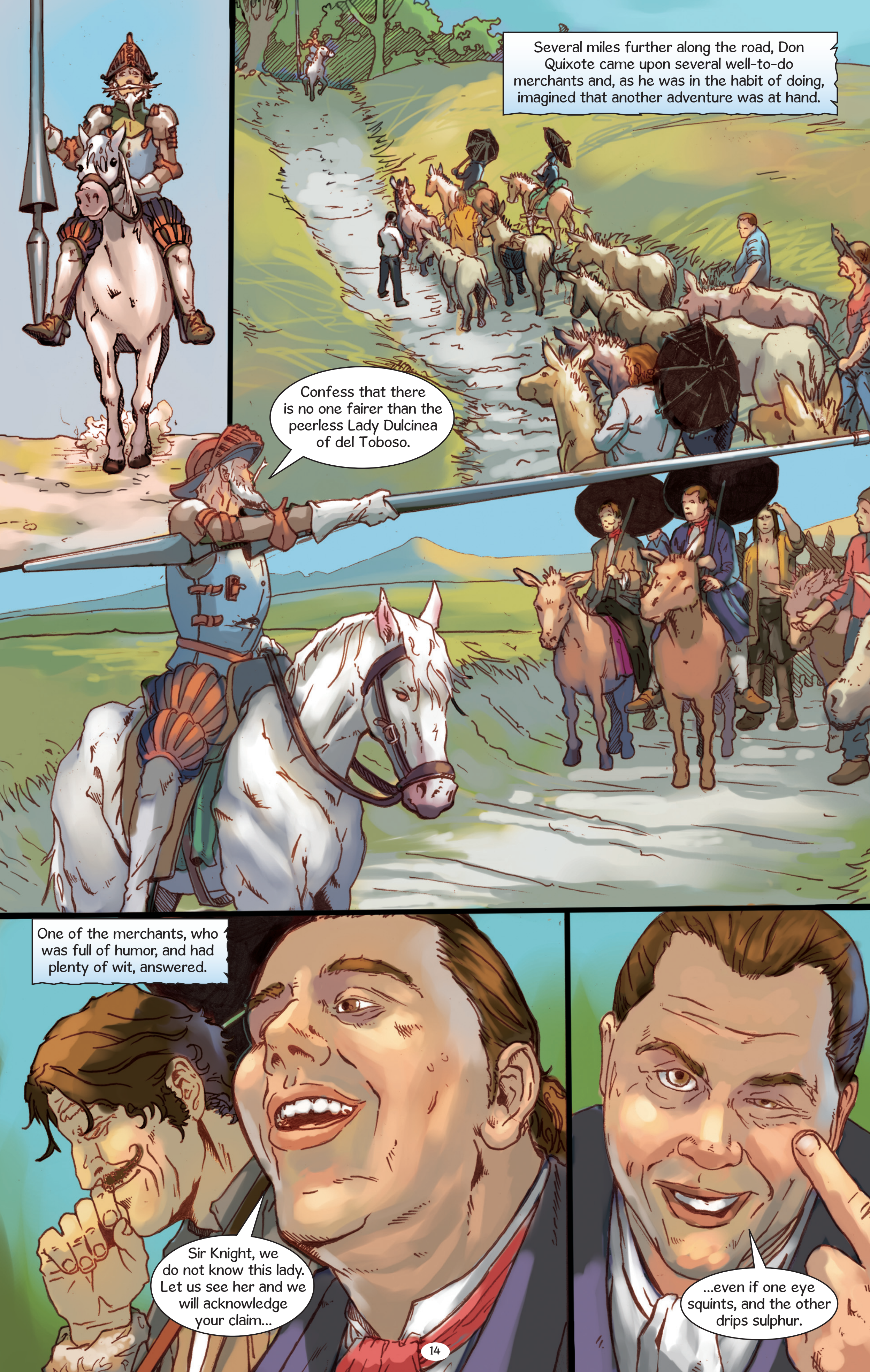
But, even under this barrage of stones, he did not dare to go far from the horse trough, for fear that it would seem as if he was abandoning his arms.

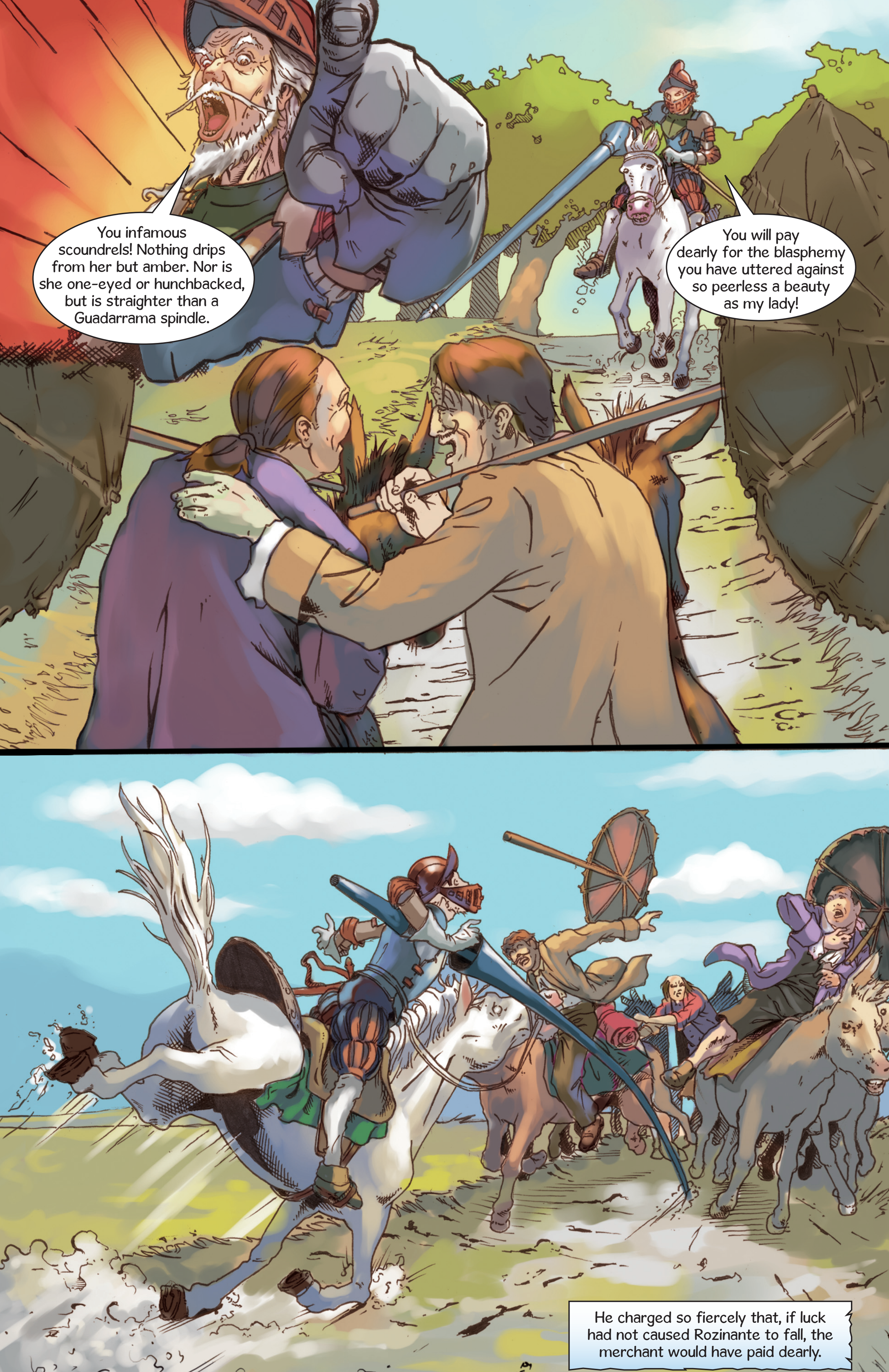

Convinced of Don Quixote's madness, it was decided that only one thing would bring an end to his mischief.
Holding his ledger as if it were a Bible, and mumbling between his teeth as if praying, the innkeeper did as Don Quixote wished.
I hereby, umm, bestow on you, err, the title... knight.
Room 1 ... 4
Room 2 ... 1
Room 3 ... 2
God save you, Knight.
What are your names, fair damsels, so that I might honor you?
La Tolosa, a cobbler's daughter.
La Salazar.
From this day forth, you will be known as Lady Tolosa and Lady Salazar. I am forever at your service.

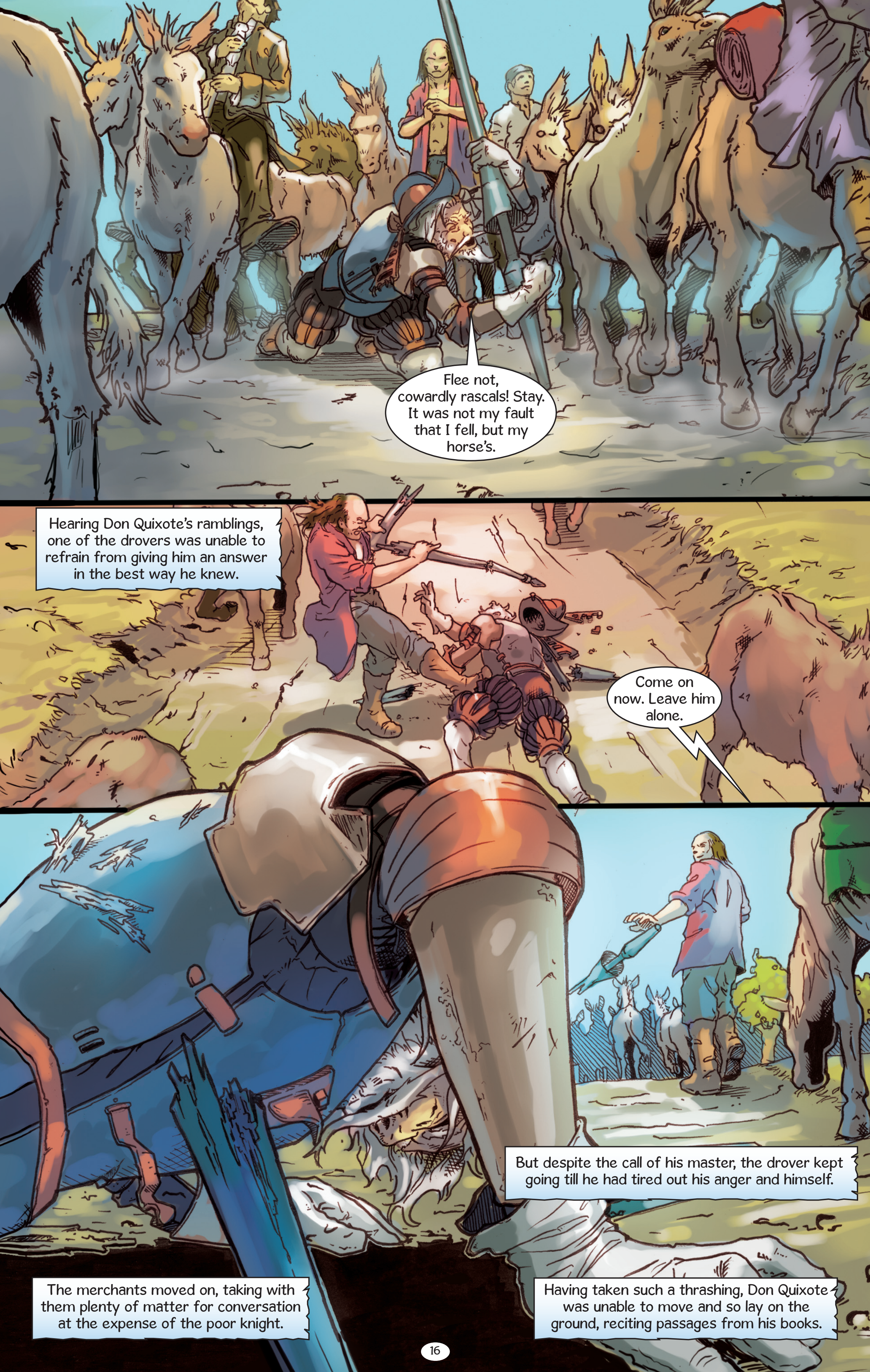

Recalling the advice of his host, the knight decided to return home for money.
He had not traveled far when he heard the sound of someone in distress coming from a thicket.
Those cries must surely be coming from someone in need of my protection.
Keep your mouth shut and your eyes peeled.
I'll never do it again! I'll be more careful with your flock.
It is a coward's deed to attack one who cannot defend himself.

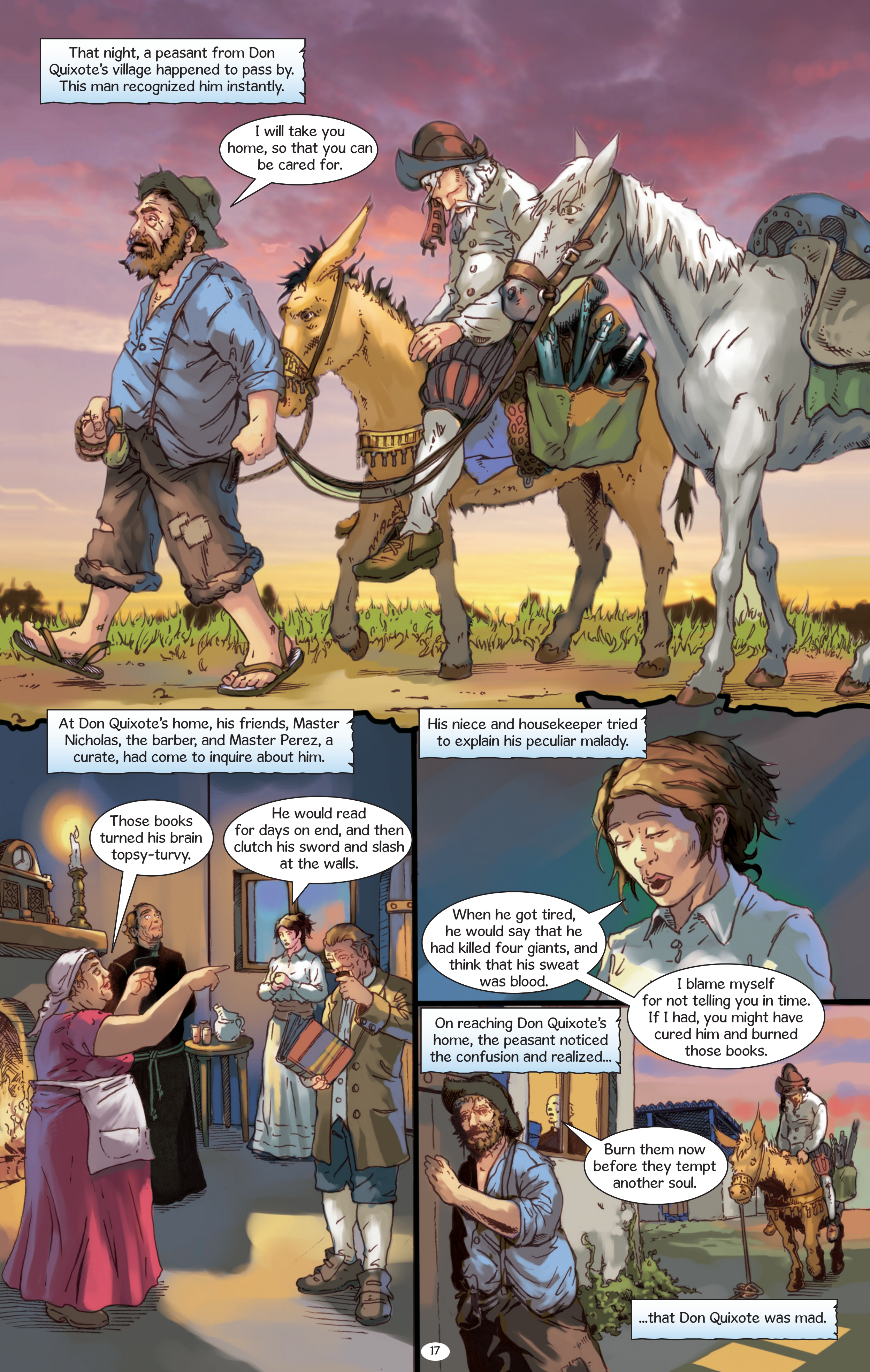

You... discourteous knight. Take your lance and mount your steed.
Sir, this is a servant of mine. He loses some of my sheep every day.
When I punish him, he says I am a skinflint and do not want to pay him his wages.
Untie him at once.
The boy, glad to be free, pleaded with Don Quixote for further help.
He owes me nine months' wages.
Nine months' wages, sir.
I have no money here. If the boy comes home with me, I will pay him.
Not on your life, sir. He'll flay the skin from my back.
He will do nothing of the kind. I have only to command him, and he will obey me.

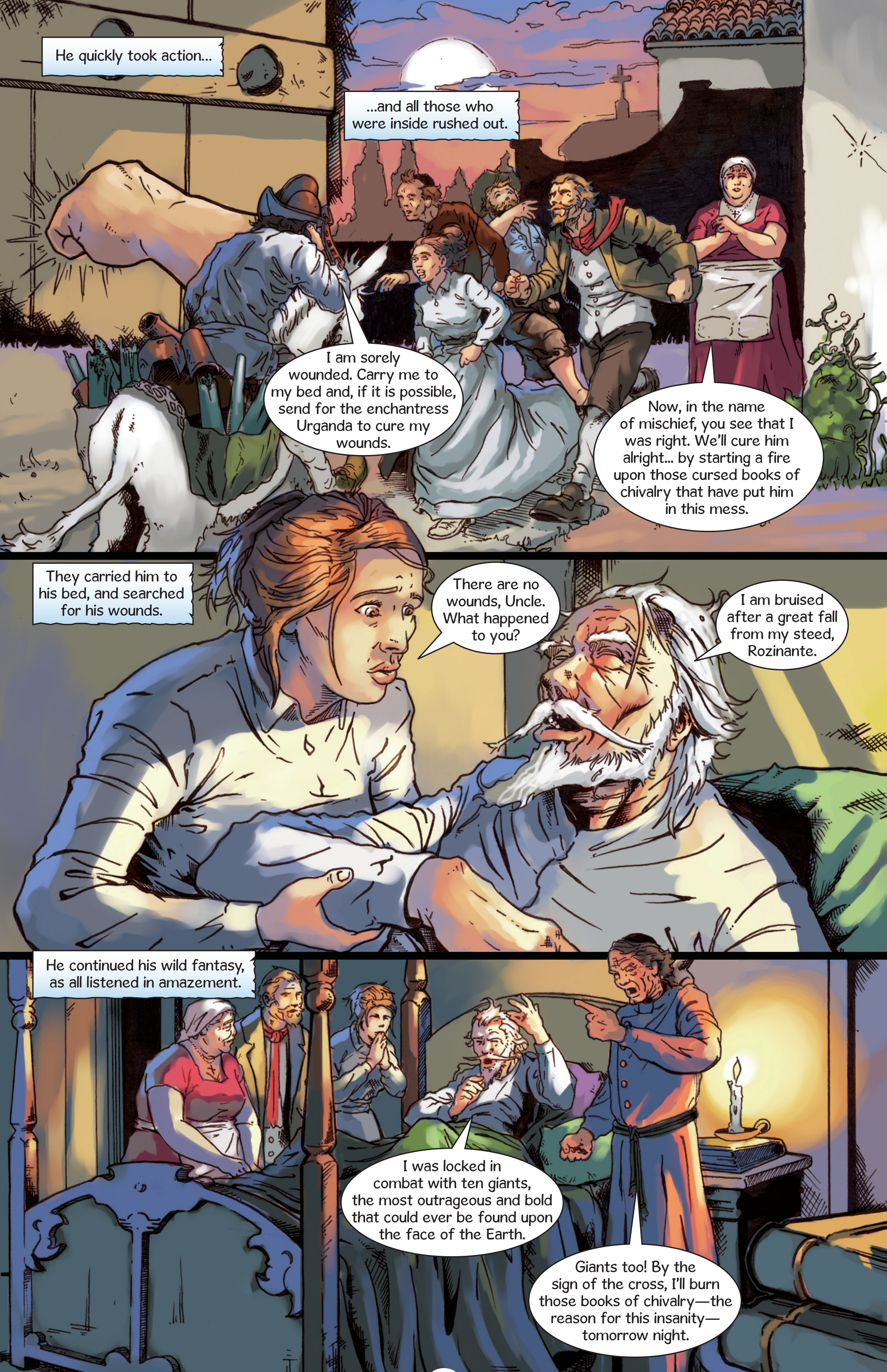

My fellow knight, see to it that you pay the boy. If not, I will return, and I am sure to find you.
But, he is not a knight.
If he is good enough to come along with me, I guarantee I will pay him and set him free.
If you want to know who it is that gives you this command, I am Don Quixote de La Mancha.
You'll get double the number of lashes now, you rascal.
Blissfully unaware...
...Don Quixote rode on.

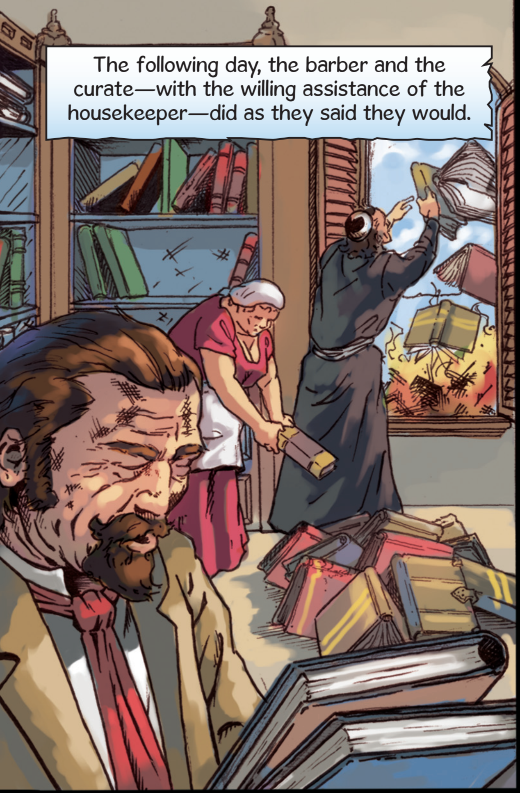

Several miles further along the road, Don Quixote came upon several well-to-do merchants and, as he was in the habit of doing, imagined that another adventure was at hand.
Confess that there is no one fairer than the peerless Lady Dulcinea of del Toboso.
One of the merchants, who was full of humor, and had plenty of wit, answered.
Sir Knight, we do not know this lady. Let us see her and we will acknowledge your claim...
...even if one eye squints, and the other drips sulphur.

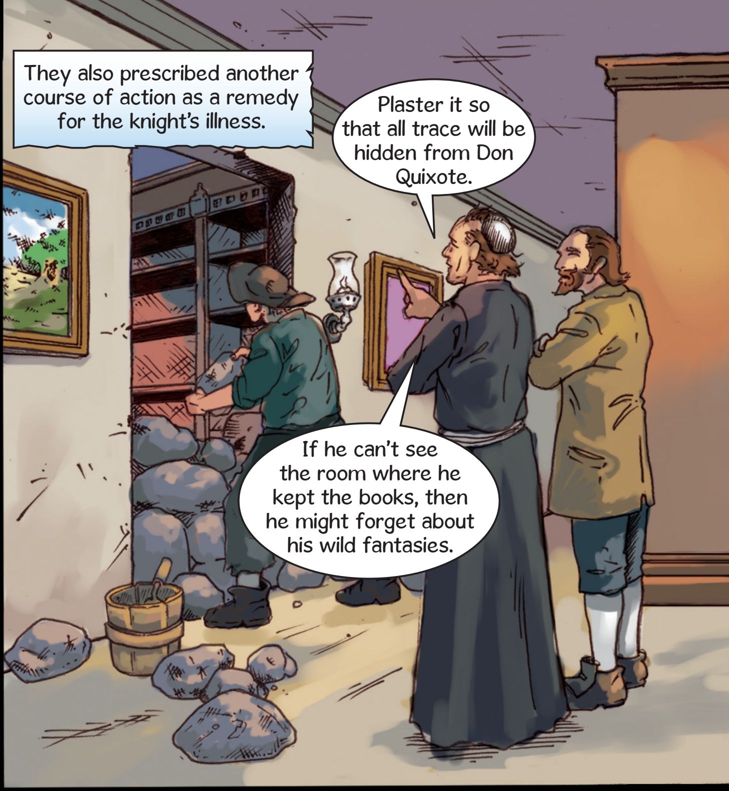

You infamous scoundrels! Nothing drips from her but amber. Nor is she one-eyed or hunchbacked, but is straighter than a Guadarrama spindle.
You will pay dearly for the blasphemy you have uttered against so peerless a beauty as my lady!
He charged so fiercely that, if luck had not caused Rozinante to fall, the merchant would have paid dearly.

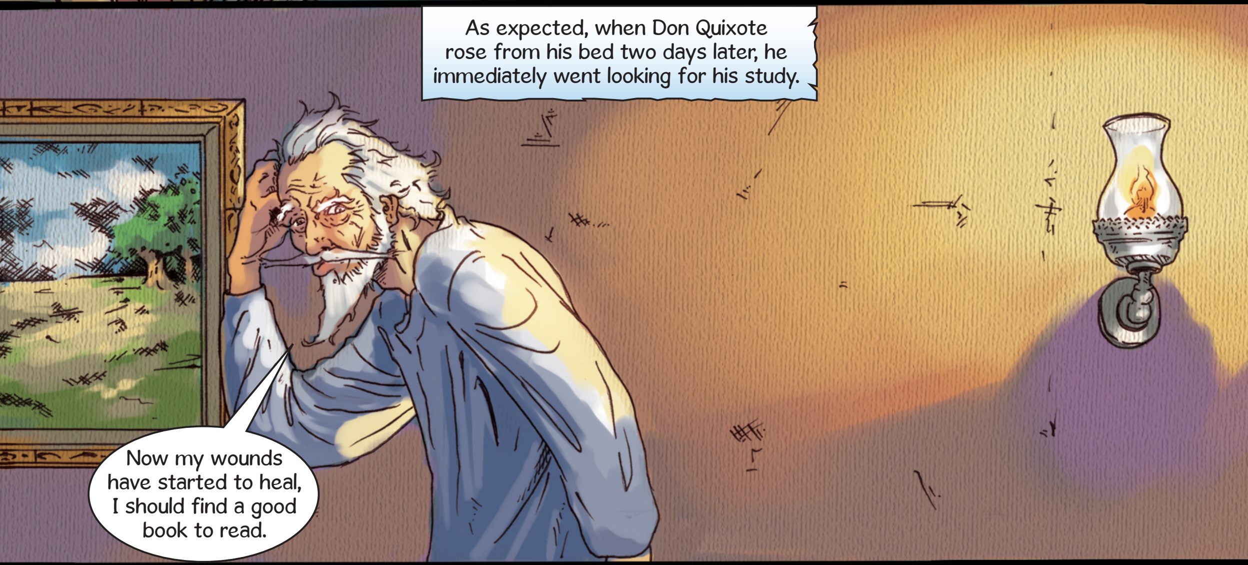

Flee not, cowardly rascals! Stay. It was not my fault that I fell, but my horse's.
Hearing Don Quixote's ramblings, one of the drovers was unable to refrain from giving him an answer in the best way he knew.
Come on now. Leave him alone.
But despite the call of his master, the drover kept going till he had tired out his anger and himself.
The merchants moved on, taking with them plenty of matter for conversation at the expense of the poor knight.
Having taken such a thrashing, Don Quixote was unable to move and so lay on the ground, reciting passages from his books.

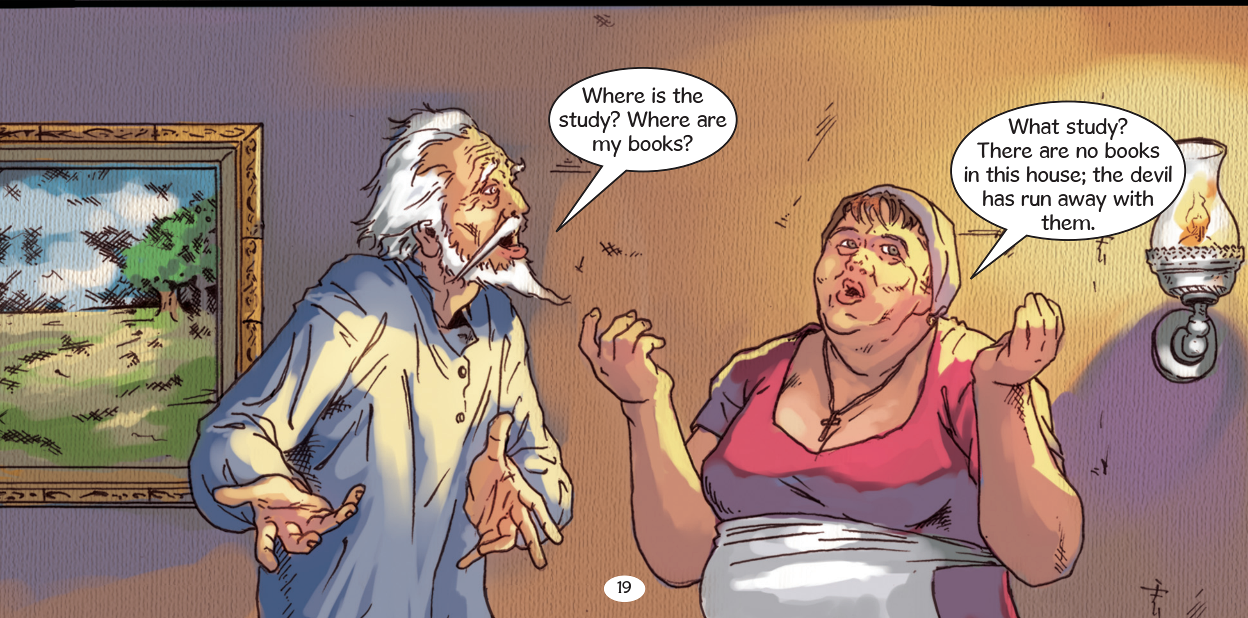

That night, a peasant from Don Quixote's village happened to pass by. This man recognized him instantly.
I will take you home, so that you can be cared for.
At Don Quixote's home, his friends, Master Nicholas, the barber, and Master Perez, a curate, had come to inquire about him.
Those books turned his brain topsy-turvy.
He would read for days on end, and then clutch his sword and slash at the walls.
His niece and housekeeper tried to explain his peculiar malady.
When he got tired, he would say that he had killed four giants, and think that his sweat was blood.
I blame myself for not telling you in time. If I had, you might have cured him and burned those books.
On reaching Don Quixote's home, the peasant noticed the confusion and realized...
Burn them now before they tempt another soul.
...that Don Quixote was mad.

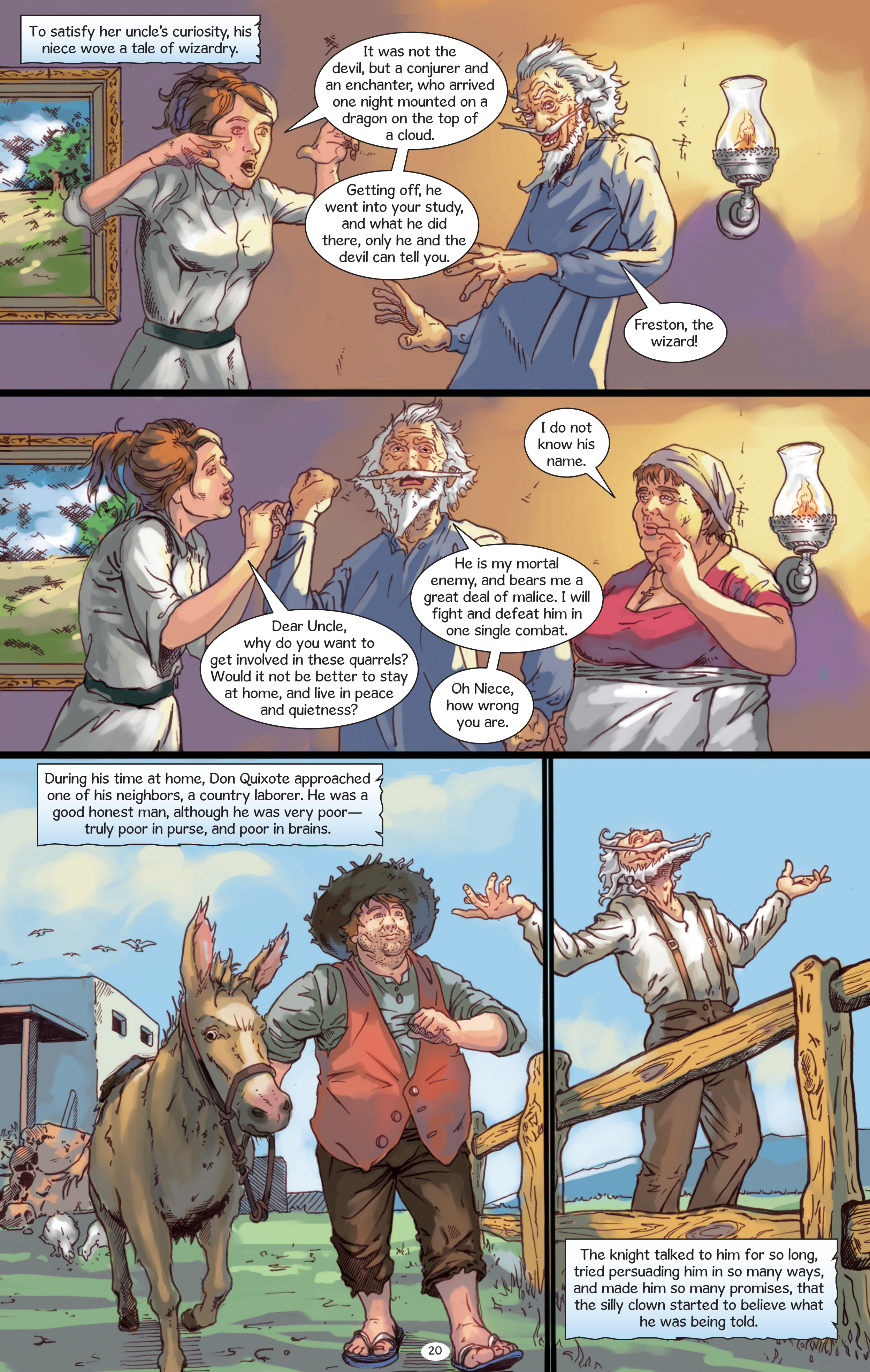

He quickly took action...
...and all those who were inside rushed out.
I am sorely wounded. Carry me to my bed and, if it is possible, send for the enchantress Urganda to cure my wounds.
Now, in the name of mischief, you see that I was right. We'll cure him alright... by starting a fire upon those cursed books of chivalry that have put him in this mess.
They carried him to his bed, and searched for his wounds.
There are no wounds, Uncle. What happened to you?
I am bruised after a great fall from my steed, Rozinante.
He continued his wild fantasy, as all listened in amazement.
I was locked in combat with ten giants, the most outrageous and bold that could ever be found upon the face of the Earth.
Giants too! By the sign of the cross, I'll burn those books of chivalry—the reason for this insanity—tomorrow night.

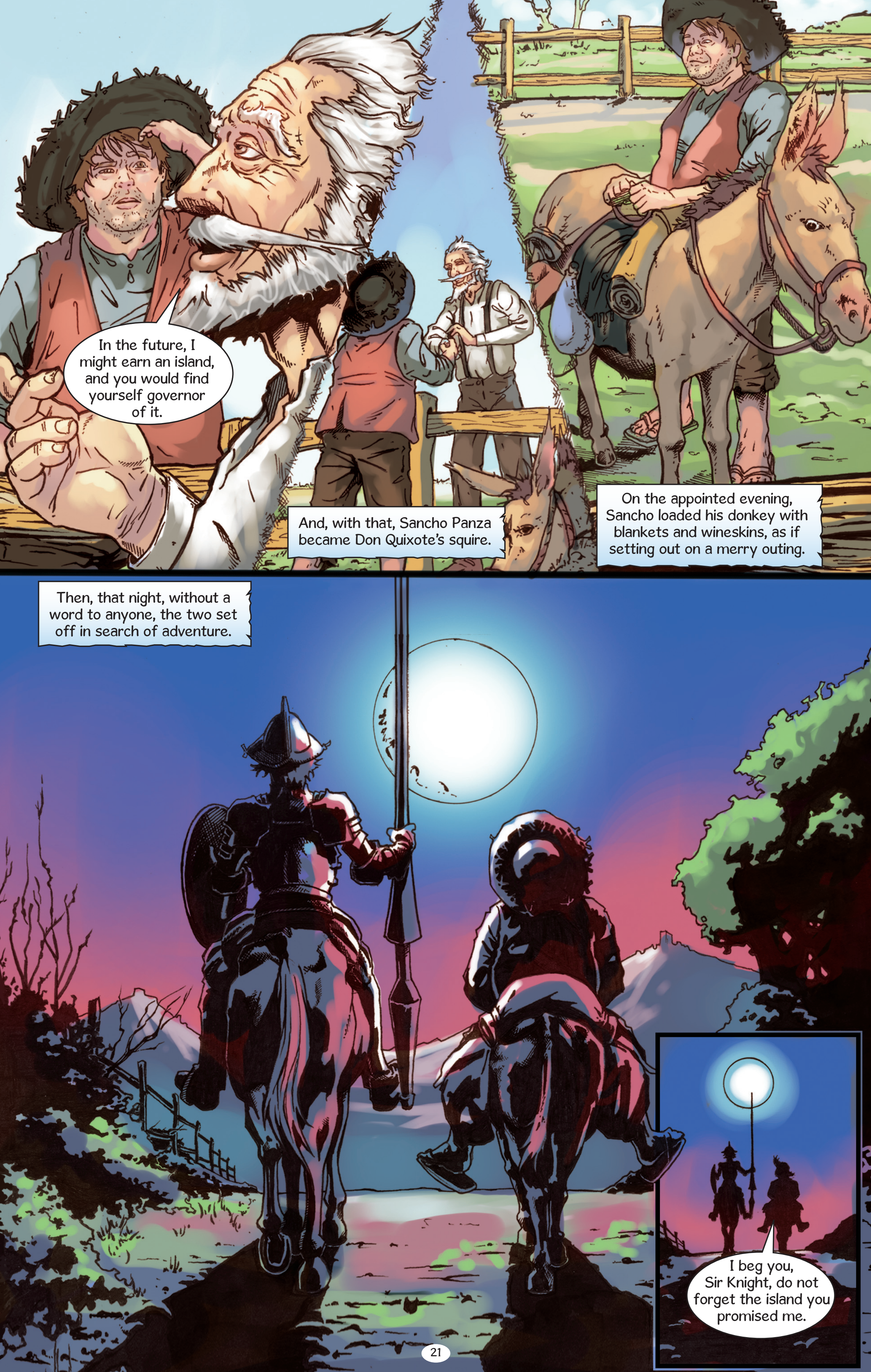

The following day, the barber and the curate—with the willing assistance of the housekeeper—did as they said they would.

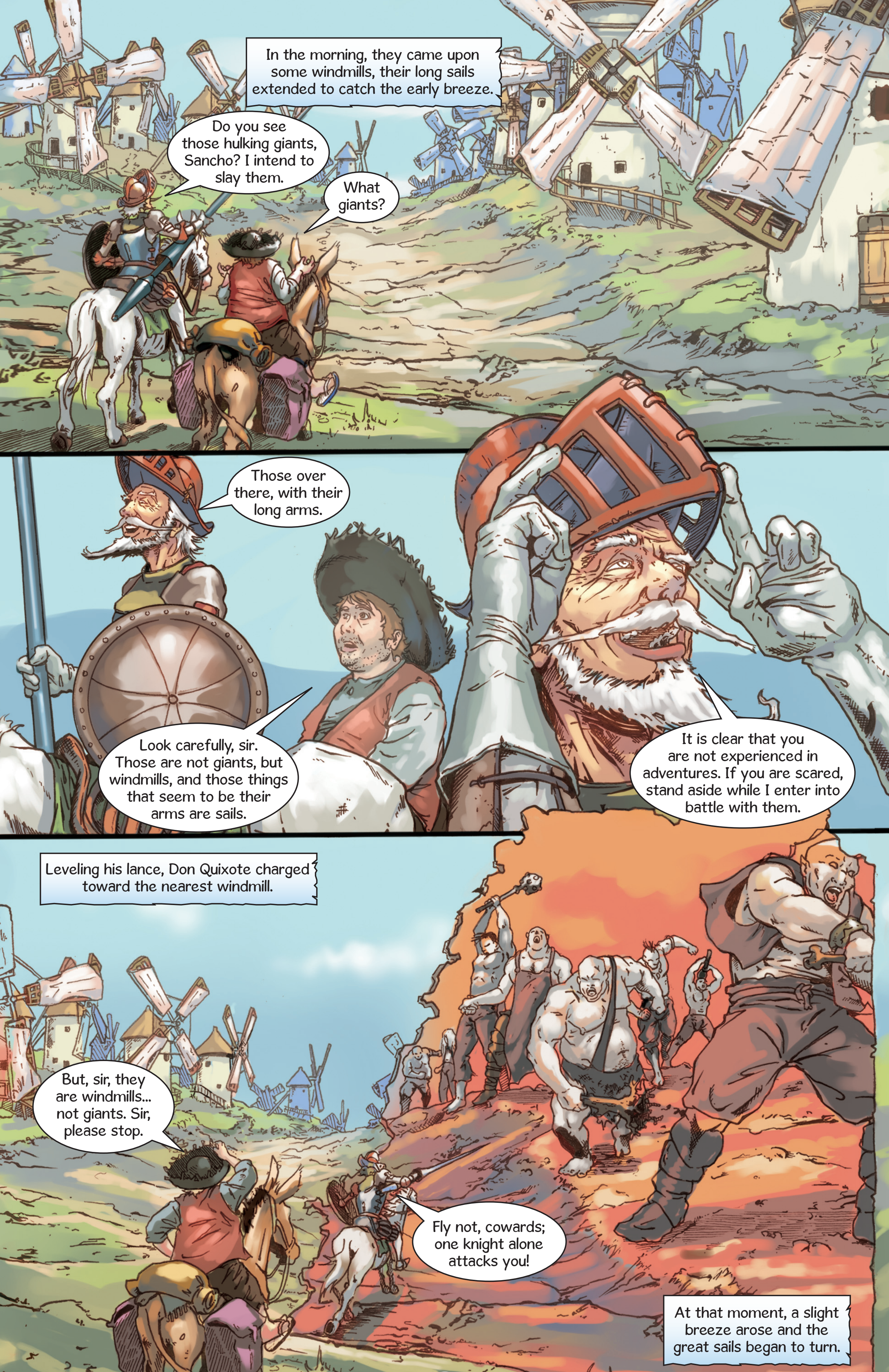

They also prescribed another course of action as a remedy for the knight's illness.
Plaster it so that all trace will be hidden from Don Quixote.
If he can't see the room where he kept the books, then he might forget about his wild fantasies.

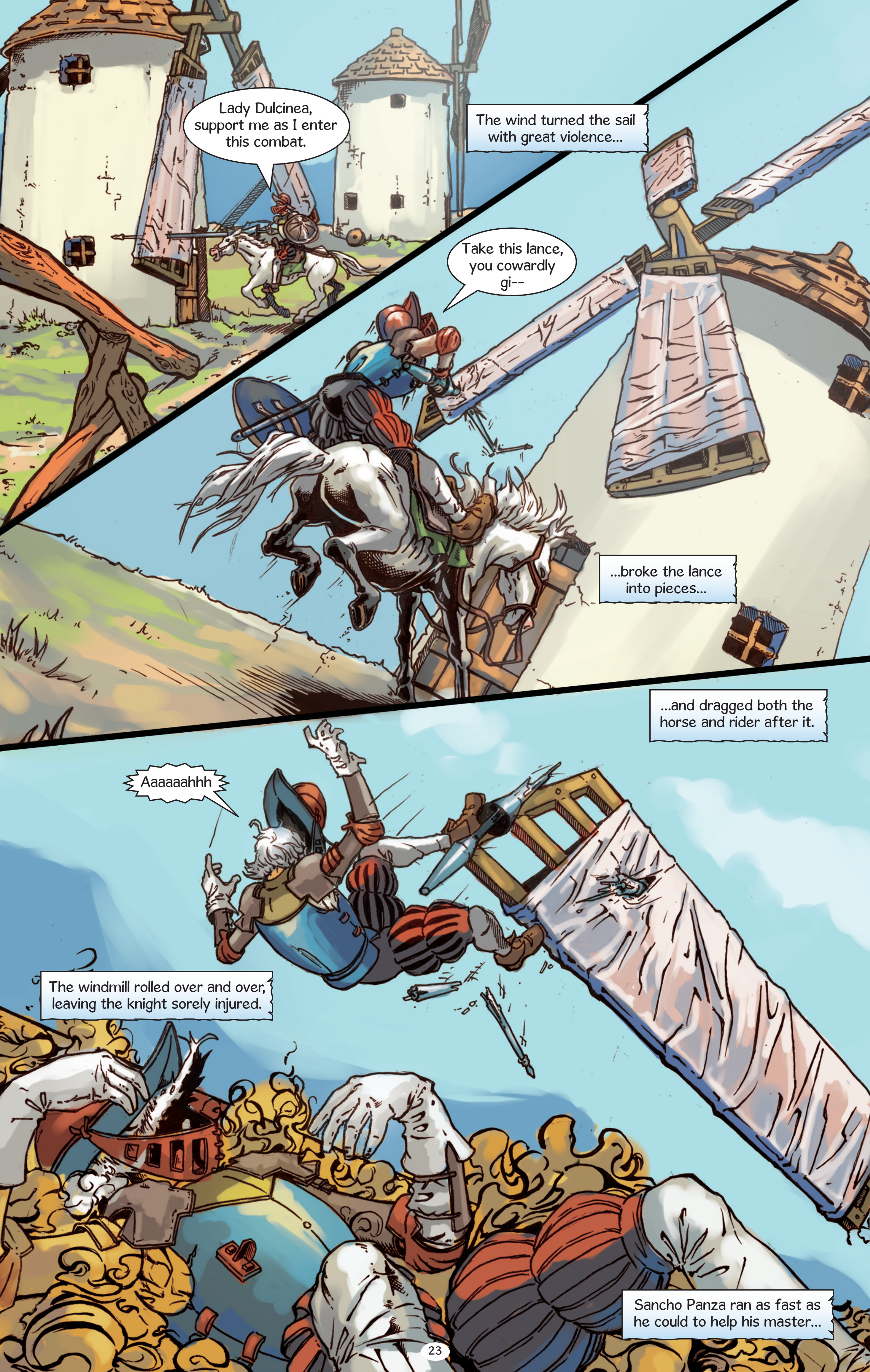

As expected, when Don Quixote rose from his bed two days later, he immediately went looking for his study.
Now my wounds have started to heal, I should find a good book to read.

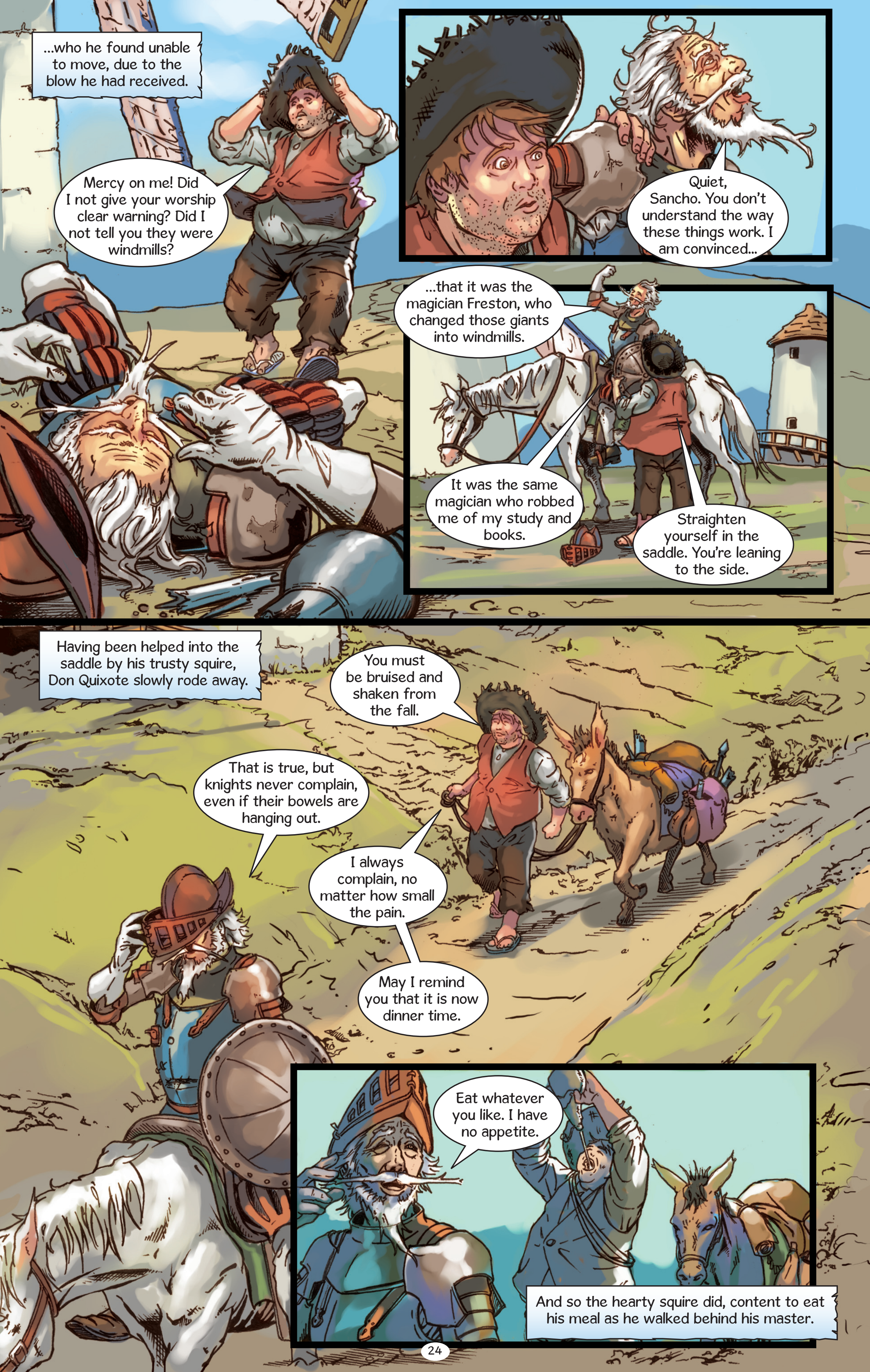

Where is the study? Where are my books?
What study? There are no books in this house; the devil has run away with them.

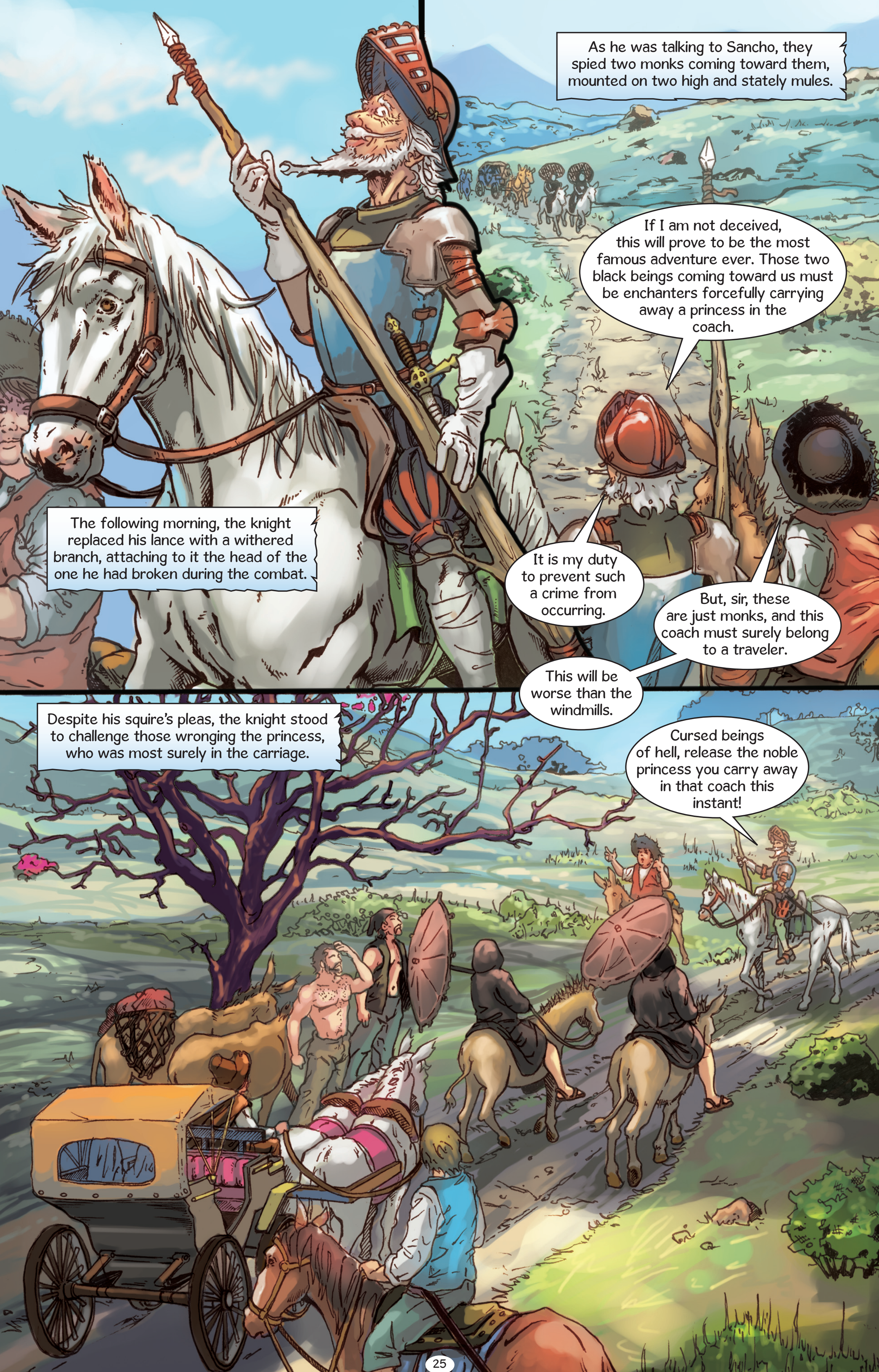

To satisfy her uncle's curiosity, his niece wove a tale of wizardry.
It was not the devil, but a conjurer and an enchanter, who arrived one night mounted on a dragon on the top of a cloud.
Getting off, he went into your study, and what he did there, only he and the devil can tell you.
Freston, the wizard!
I do not know his name.
Dear Uncle, why do you want to get involved in these quarrels? Would it not be better to stay at home, and live in peace and quietness?
He is my mortal enemy, and bears me a great deal of malice. I will fight and defeat him in one single combat.
Oh Niece, how wrong you are.
During his time at home, Don Quixote approached one of his neighbors, a country laborer. He was a good honest man, although he was very poor—truly poor in purse, and poor in brains.
The knight talked to him for so long, tried persuading him in so many ways, and made him so many promises, that the silly clown started to believe what he was being told.

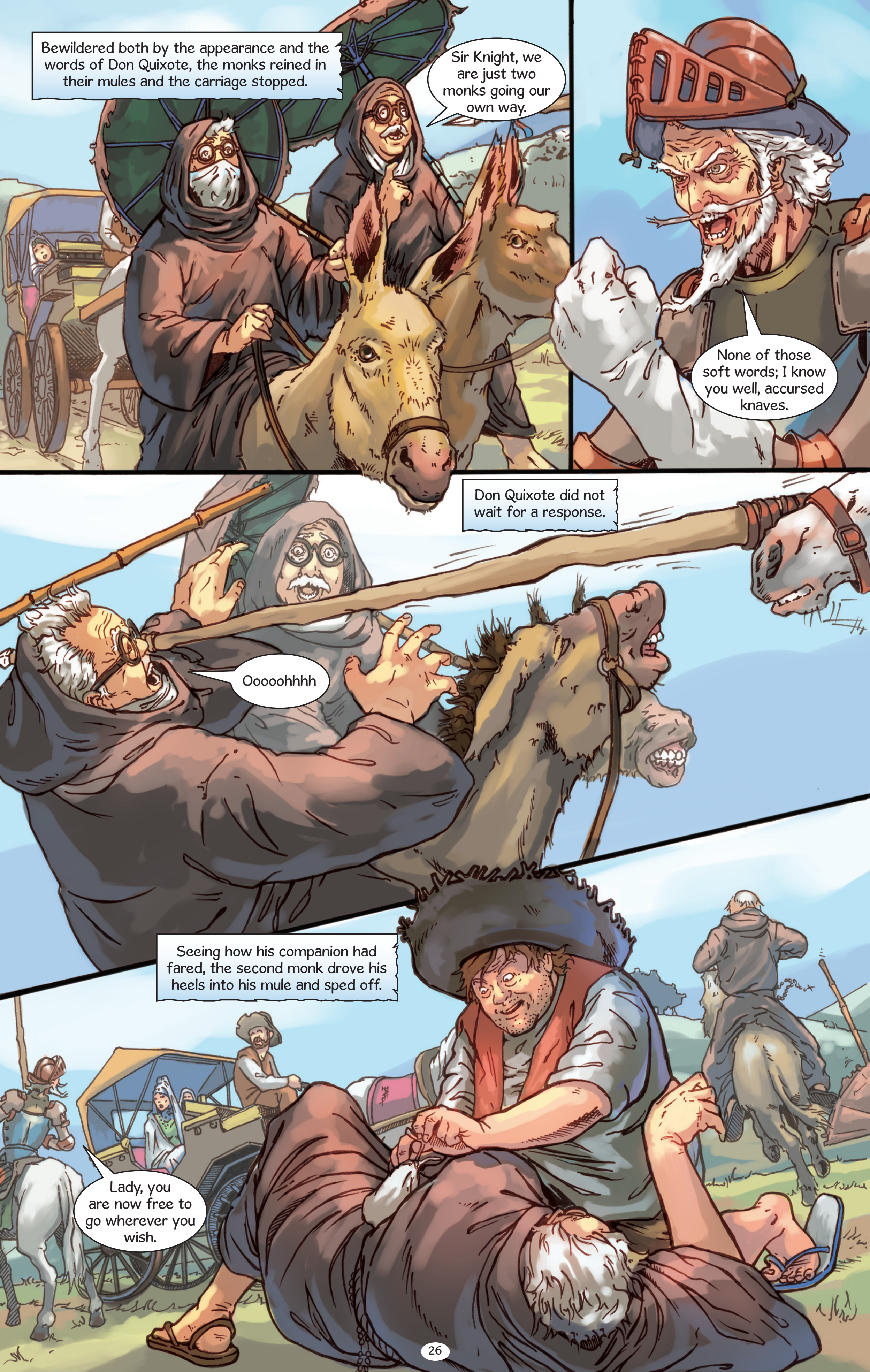

In the future, I might earn an island, and you would find yourself governor of it.
And, with that, Sancho Panza became Don Quixote's squire.
On the appointed evening, Sancho loaded his donkey with blankets and wineskins, as if setting out on a merry outing.
Then, that night, without a word to anyone, the two set off in search of adventure.
I beg you, Sir Knight, do not forget the island you promised me.

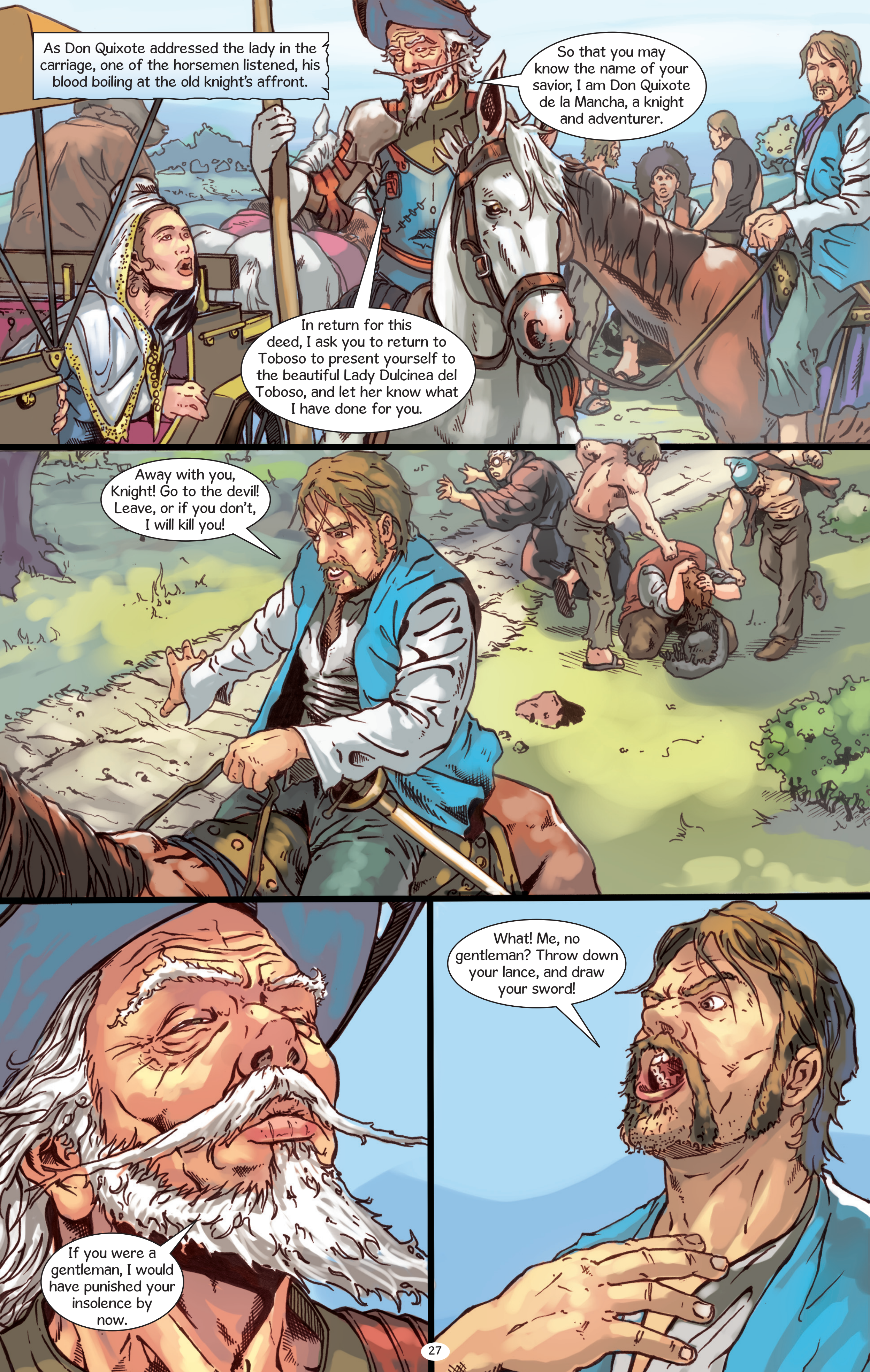

In the morning, they came upon some windmills, their long sails extended to catch the early breeze.
Do you see those hulking giants, Sancho? I intend to slay them.
What giants?
Those over there, with their long arms.
Look carefully, sir. Those are not giants, but windmills, and those things that seem to be their arms are sails.
It is clear that you are not experienced in adventures. If you are scared, stand aside while I enter into battle with them.
Leveling his lance, Don Quixote charged toward the nearest windmill.
But, sir, they are windmills... not giants. Sir, please stop.
Fly not, cowards; one knight alone attacks you!
At that moment, a slight breeze arose and the great sails began to turn.

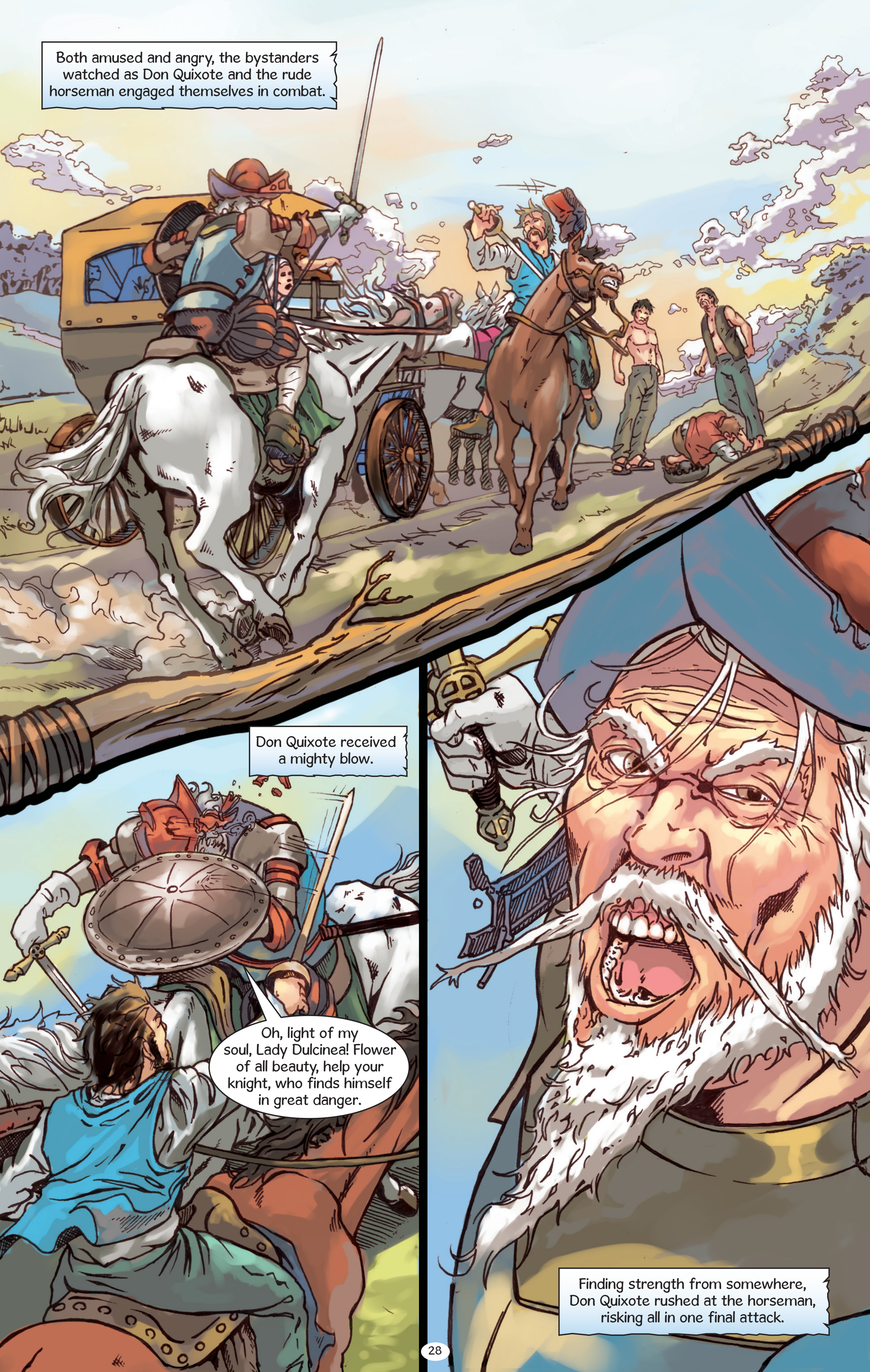

Lady Dulcinea, support me as I enter this combat.
The wind turned the sail with great violence...
Take this lance, you cowardly gi--
...broke the lance into pieces...
...and dragged both the horse and rider after it.
Aaaaaahhh
The windmill rolled over and over, leaving the knight sorely injured.
Sancho Panza ran as fast as he could to help his master...

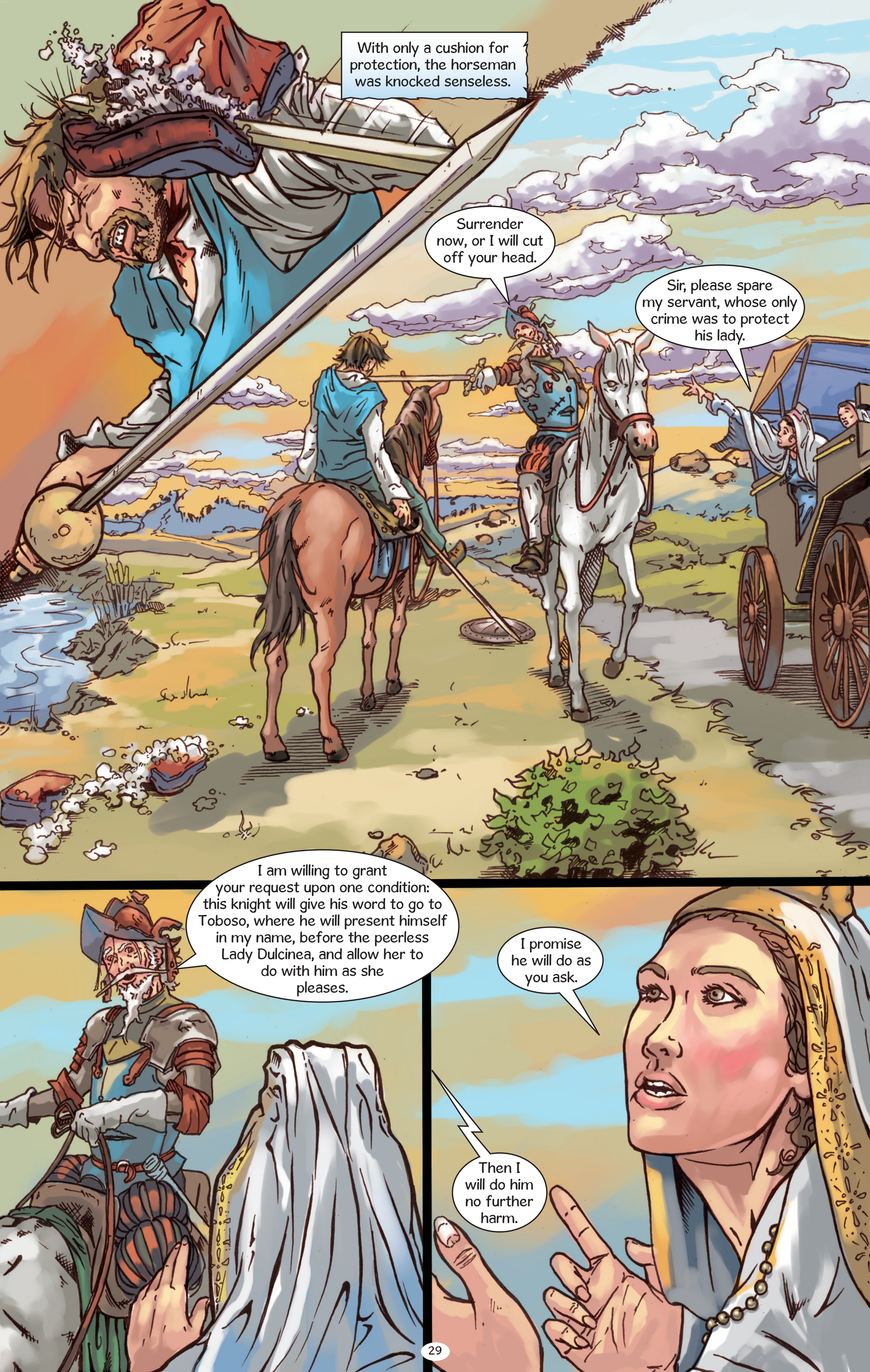

...who he found unable to move, due to the blow he had received.
Mercy on me! Did I not give your worship clear warning? Did I not tell you they were windmills?
Quiet, Sancho. You don't understand the way these things work. I am convinced...
...that it was the magician Freston, who changed those giants into windmills.
It was the same magician who robbed me of my study and books.
Straighten yourself in the saddle. You're leaning to the side.
Having been helped into the saddle by his trusty squire, Don Quixote slowly rode away.
You must be bruised and shaken from the fall.
That is true, but knights never complain, even if their bowels are hanging out.
I always complain, no matter how small the pain.
May I remind you that it is now dinner time.
Eat whatever you like. I have no appetite.
And so the hearty squire did, content to eat his meal as he walked behind his master.

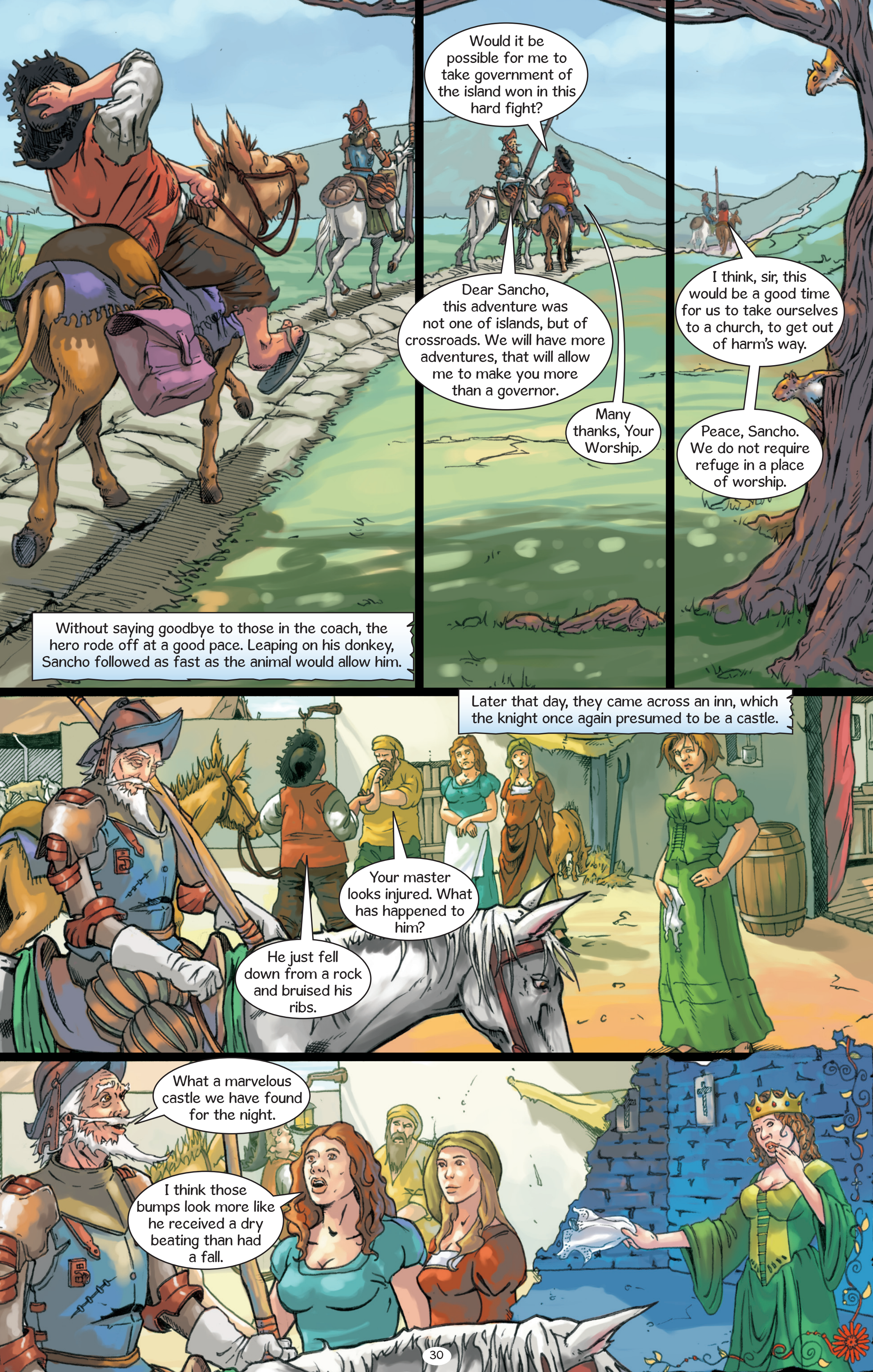

The following morning, the knight replaced his lance with a withered branch, attaching to it the head of the one he had broken during the combat.
As he was talking to Sancho, they spied two monks coming toward them, mounted on two high and stately mules.
If I am not deceived, this will prove to be the most famous adventure ever. Those two black beings coming toward us must be enchanters forcefully carrying away a princess in the coach.
It is my duty to prevent such a crime from occurring.
But, sir, these are just monks, and this coach must surely belong to a traveler.
This will be worse than the windmills.
Despite his squire's pleas, the knight stood to challenge those wronging the princess, who was most surely in the carriage.
Cursed beings of hell, release the noble princess you carry away in that coach this instant!


Bewildered both by the appearance and the words of Don Quixote, the monks reined in their mules and the carriage stopped.
Sir Knight, we are just two monks going our own way.
None of those soft words; I know you well, accursed knaves.
Don Quixote did not wait for a response.
Ooooohhhh
Seeing how his companion had fared, the second monk drove his heels into his mule and sped off.
Lady, you are now free to go wherever you wish.


As Don Quixote addressed the lady in the carriage, one of the horsemen listened, his blood boiling at the old knight's affront.
So that you may know the name of your savior, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, a knight and adventurer.
In return for this deed, I ask you to return to Toboso to present yourself to the beautiful Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and let her know what I have done for you.
Away with you, Knight! Go to the devil! Leave, or if you don't, I will kill you!
If you were a gentleman, I would have punished your insolence by now.
What! Me, no gentleman? Throw down your lance, and draw your sword!


Both amused and angry, the bystanders watched as Don Quixote and the rude horseman engaged themselves in combat.
Don Quixote received a mighty blow.
Oh, light of my soul, Lady Dulcinea! Flower of all beauty, help your knight, who finds himself in great danger.
Finding strength from somewhere, Don Quixote rushed at the horseman, risking all in one final attack.


With only a cushion for protection, the horseman was knocked senseless.
Surrender now, or I will cut off your head.
Sir, please spare my servant, whose only crime was to protect his lady.
I am willing to grant your request upon one condition: this knight will give his word to go to Toboso, where he will present himself in my name, before the peerless Lady Dulcinea, and allow her to do with him as she pleases.
I promise he will do as you ask.
Then I will do him no further harm.

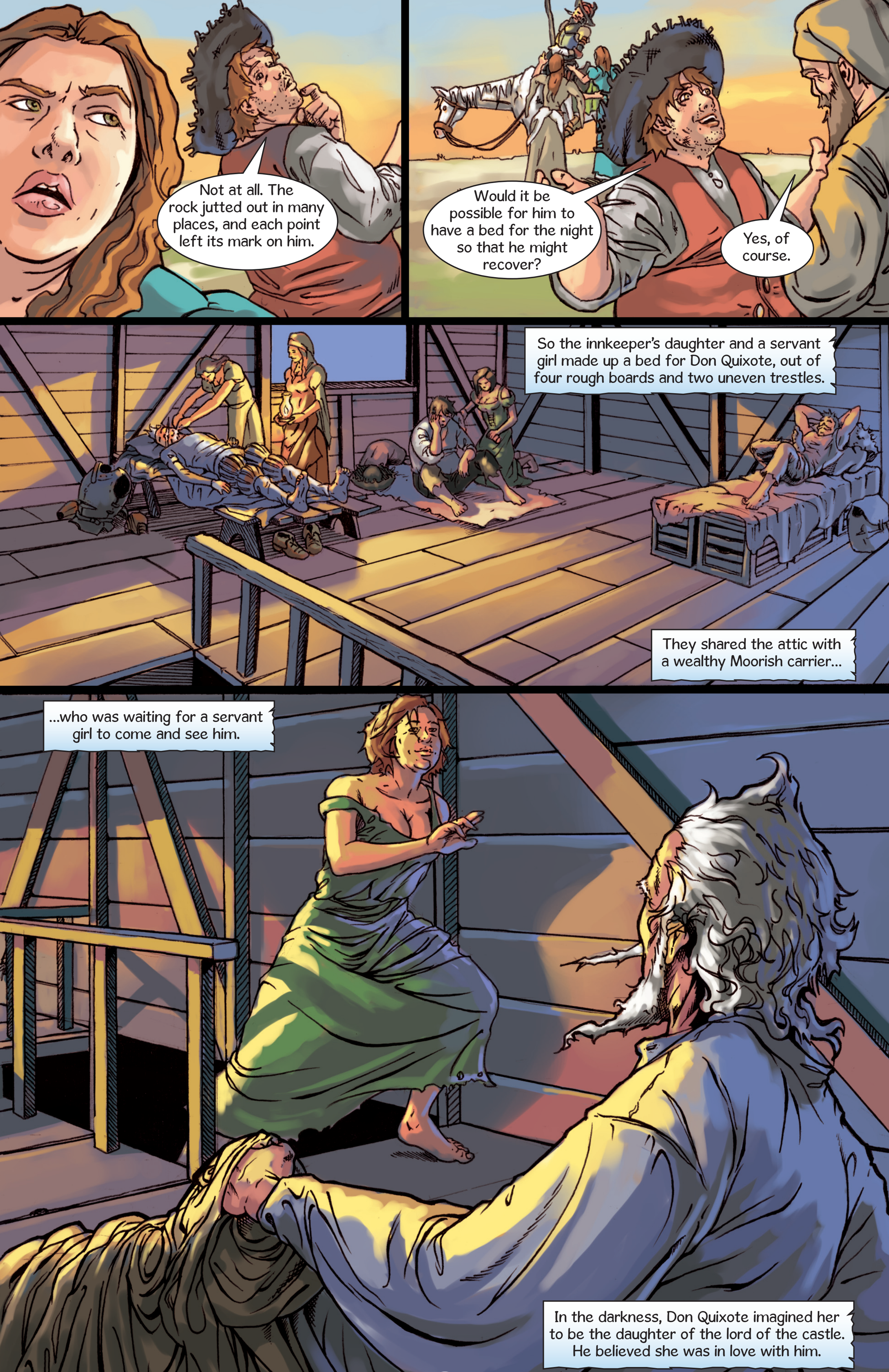


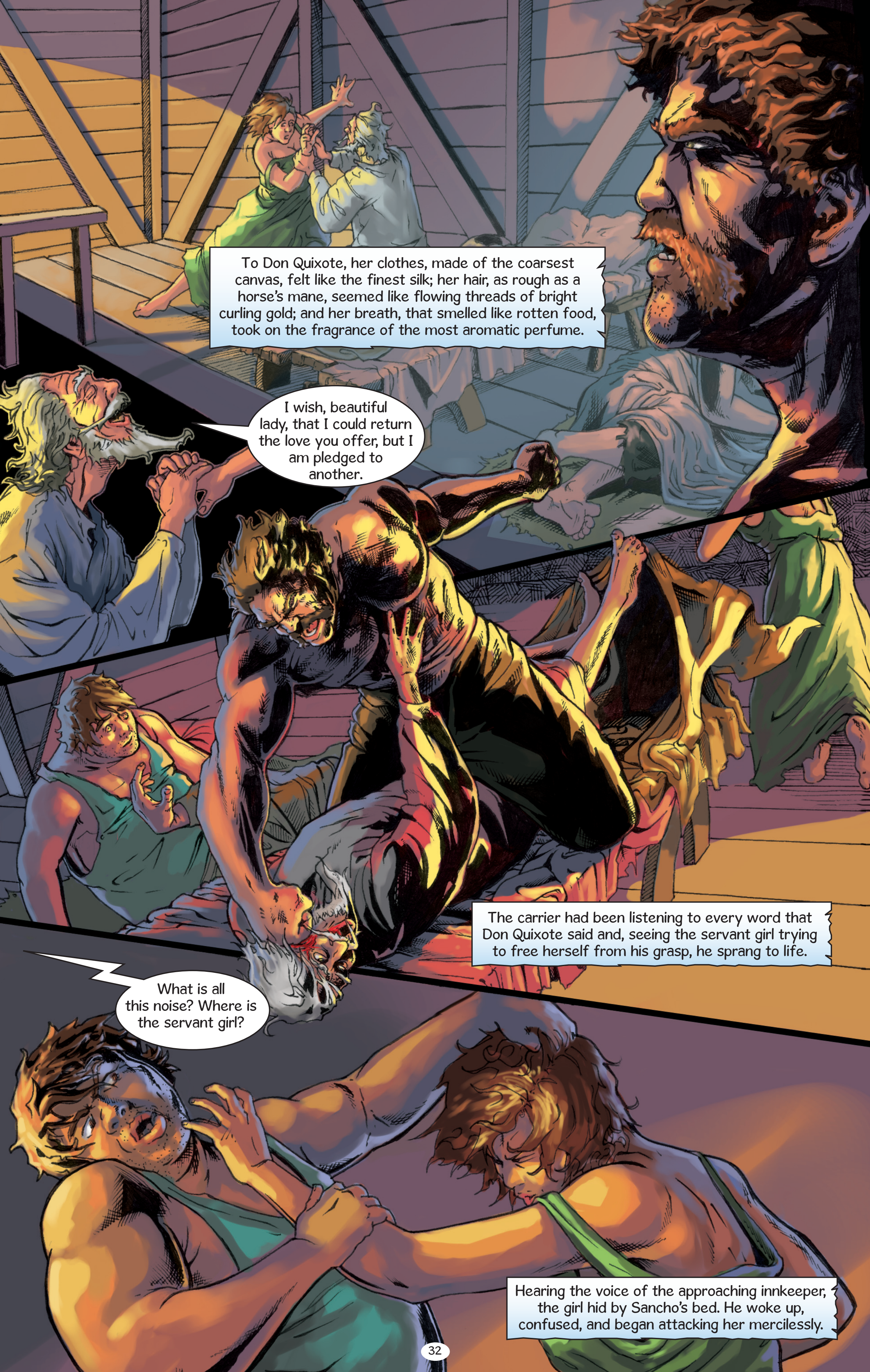
Without saying goodbye to those in the coach, the hero rode off at a good pace. Leaping on his donkey, Sancho followed as fast as the animal would allow him.

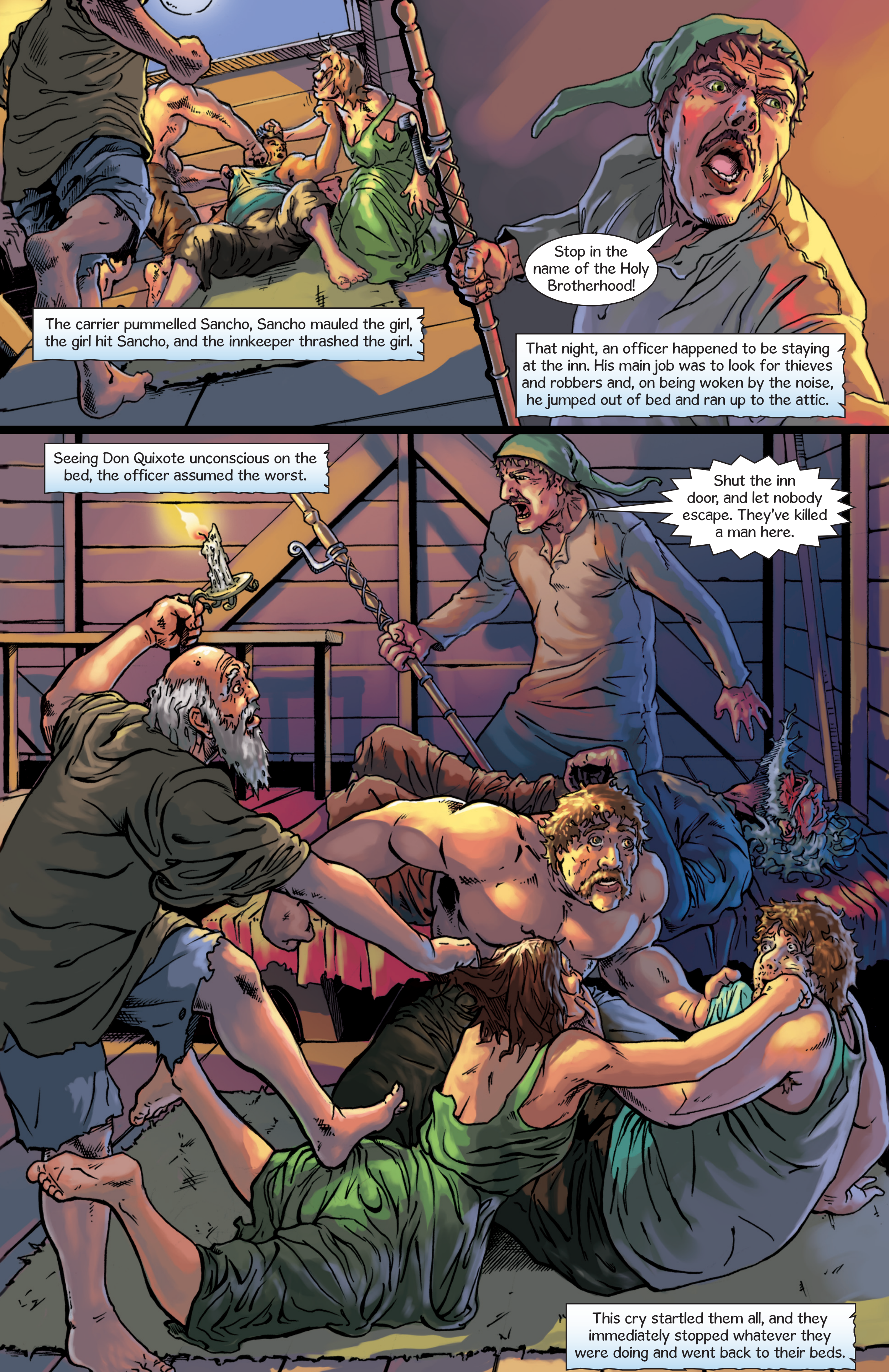
Would it be possible for me to take government of the island won in this hard fight?
Dear Sancho, this adventure was not one of islands, but of crossroads. We will have more adventures, that will allow me to make you more than a governor.
Many thanks, Your Worship.
I think, sir, this would be a good time for us to take ourselves to a church, to get out of harm's way.
Peace, Sancho. We do not require refuge in a place of worship.

Later that day, they came across an inn, which the knight once again presumed to be a castle.

Your master looks injured. What has happened to him?
He just fell down from a rock and bruised his ribs.
What a marvelous castle we have found for the night.
I think those bumps look more like he received a dry beating than had a fall.


Not at all. The rock jutted out in many places, and each point left its mark on him.
Would it be possible for him to have a bed for the night so that he might recover?
Yes, of course.
So the innkeeper's daughter and a servant girl made up a bed for Don Quixote, out of four rough boards and two uneven trestles.
They shared the attic with a wealthy Moorish carrier...
...who was waiting for a servant girl to come and see him.
In the darkness, Don Quixote imagined her to be the daughter of the lord of the castle. He believed she was in love with him.


To Don Quixote, her clothes, made of the coarsest canvas, felt like the finest silk; her hair, as rough as a horse's mane, seemed like flowing threads of bright curling gold; and her breath, that smelled like rotten food, took on the fragrance of the most aromatic perfume.
I wish, beautiful lady, that I could return the love you offer, but I am pledged to another.
The carrier had been listening to every word that Don Quixote said and, seeing the servant girl trying to free herself from his grasp, he sprang to life.
What is all this noise? Where is the servant girl?
Hearing the voice of the approaching innkeeper, the girl hid by Sancho's bed. He woke up, confused, and began attacking her mercilessly.



The carrier pummelled Sancho, Sancho mauled the girl, the girl hit Sancho, and the innkeeper thrashed the girl.

Stop in the name of the Holy Brotherhood!

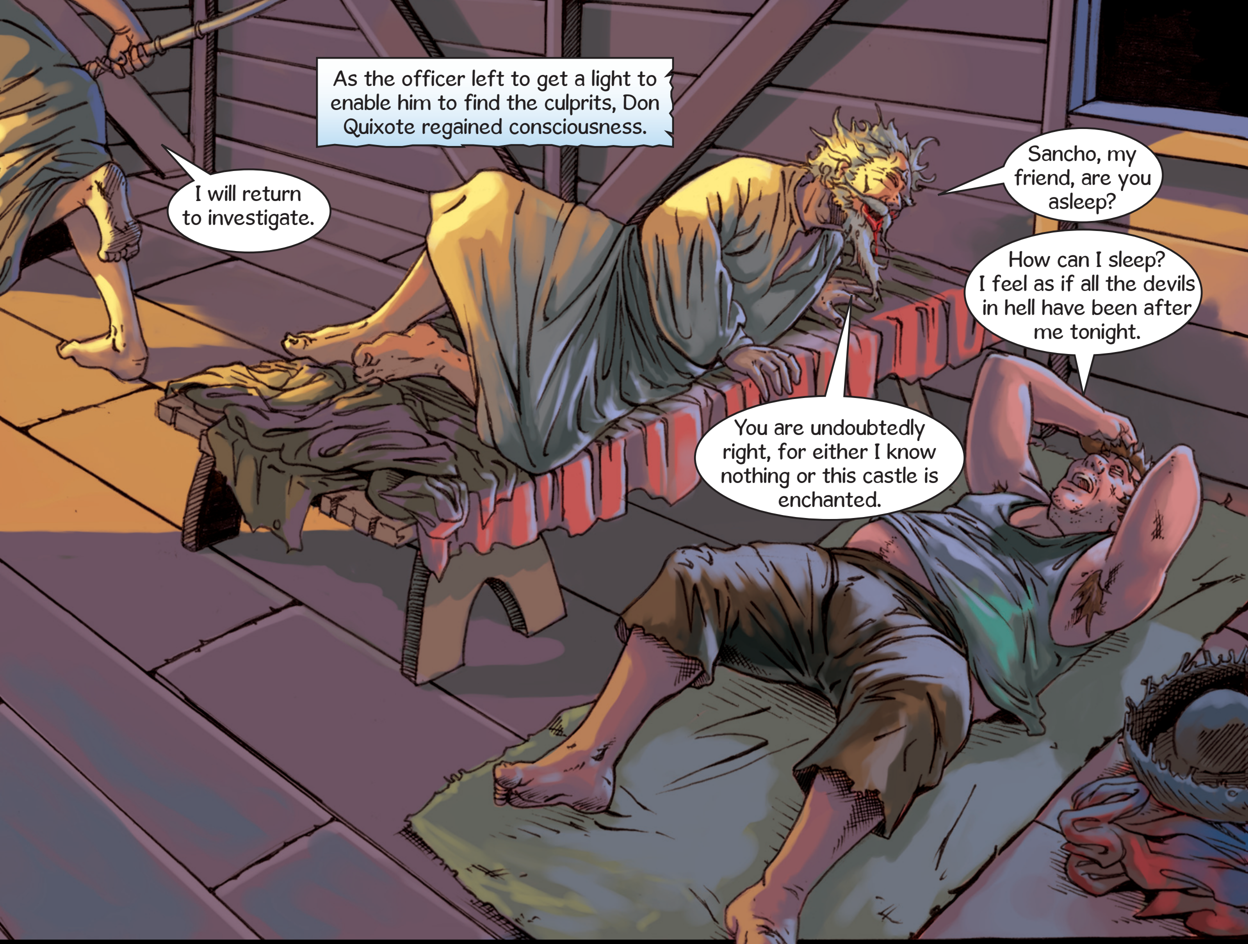
That night, an officer happened to be staying at the inn. His main job was to look for thieves and robbers and, on being woken by the noise, he jumped out of bed and ran up to the attic.

Seeing Don Quixote unconscious on the bed, the officer assumed the worst.

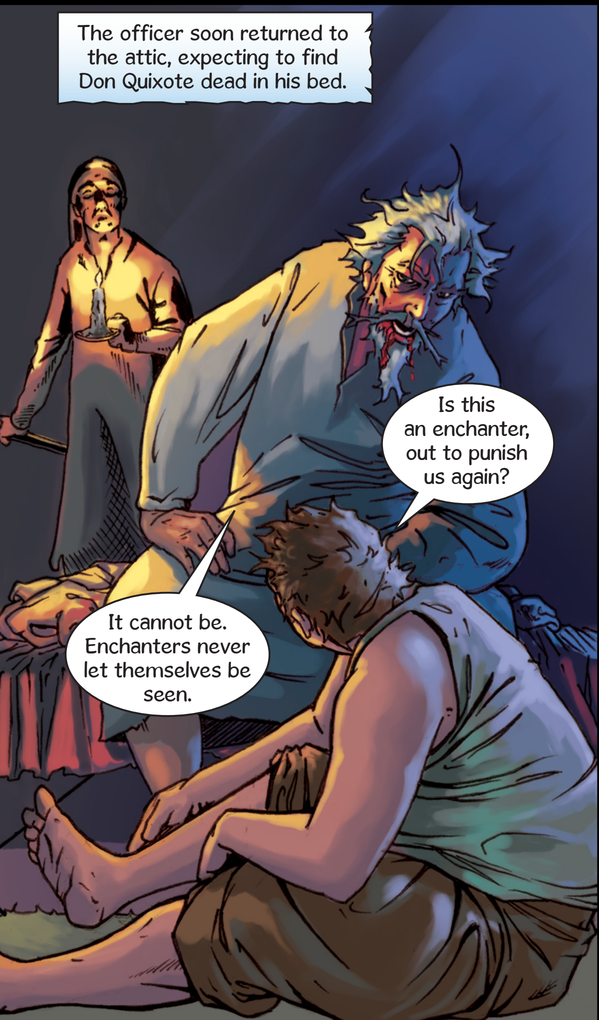
Shut the inn door, and let nobody escape. They've killed a man here.

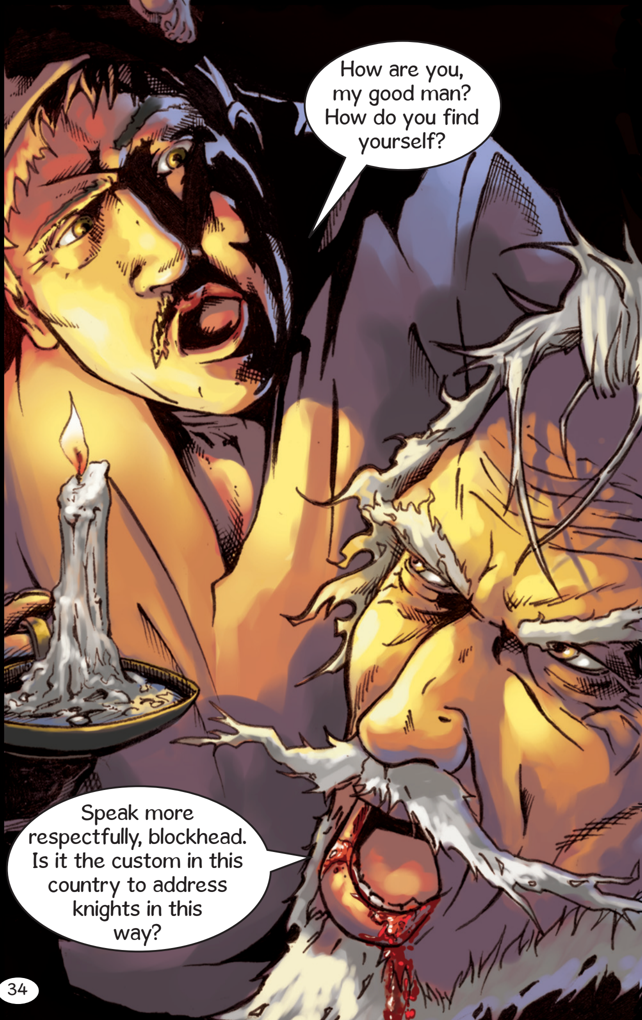
This cry startled them all, and they immediately stopped whatever they were doing and went back to their beds.

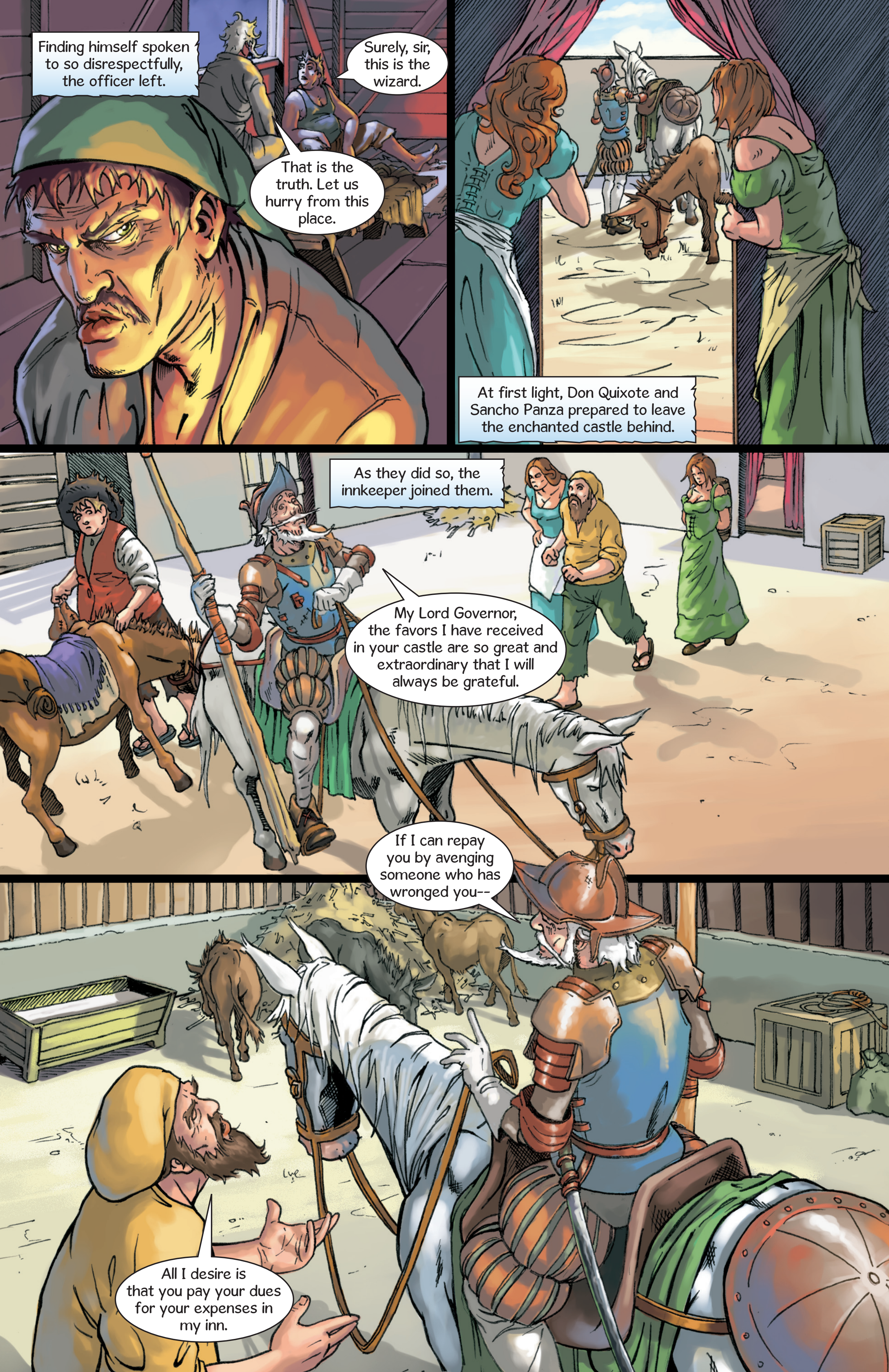
As the officer left to get a light to enable him to find the culprits, Don Quixote regained consciousness.

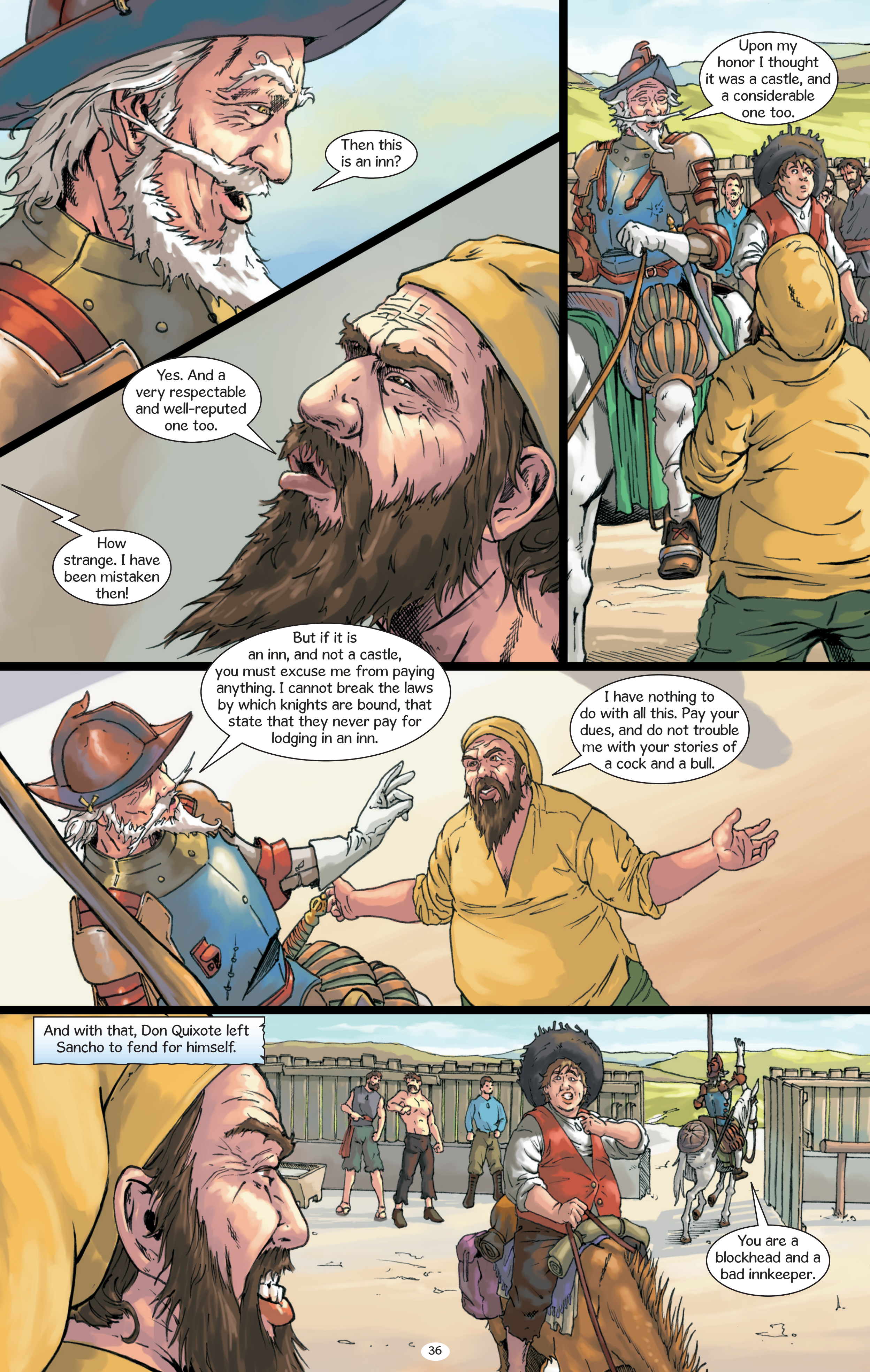

I will return to investigate.
Sancho, my friend, are you asleep?
How can I sleep? I feel as if all the devils in hell have been after me tonight.
You are undoubtedly right, for either I know nothing or this castle is enchanted.

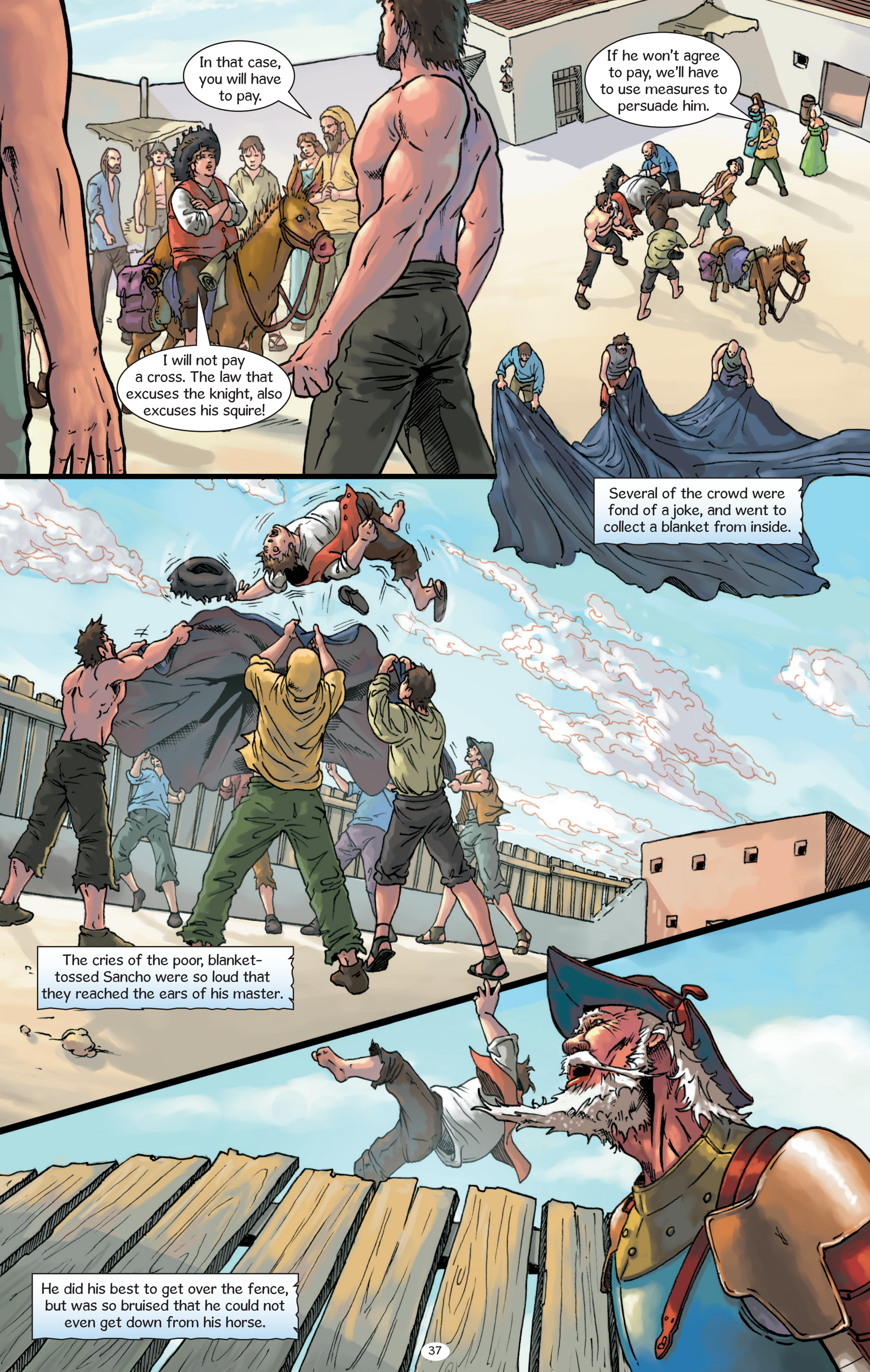
The officer soon returned to the attic, expecting to find Don Quixote dead in his bed.

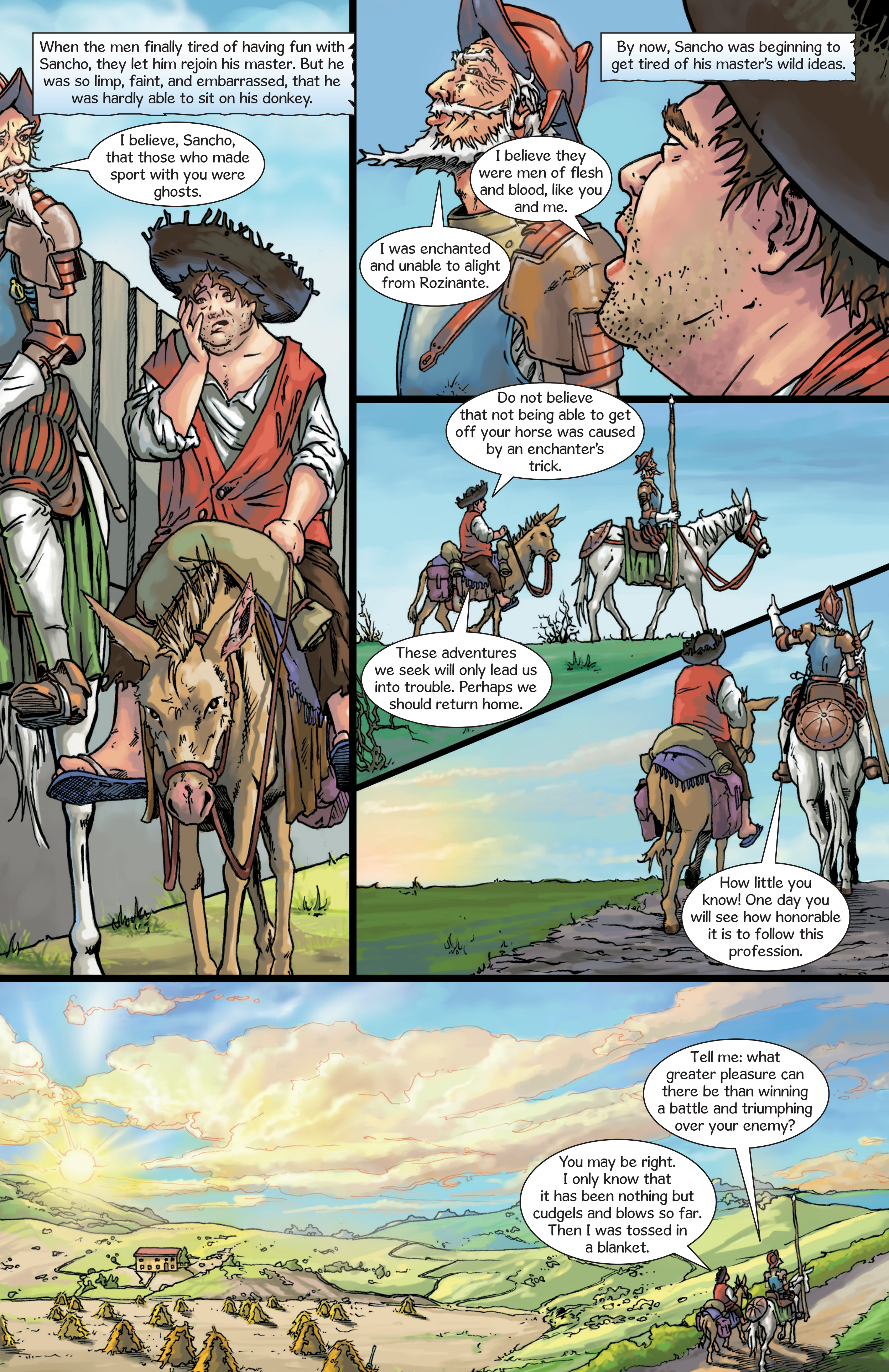

Is this an enchanter, out to punish us again?
It cannot be. Enchanters never let themselves be seen.

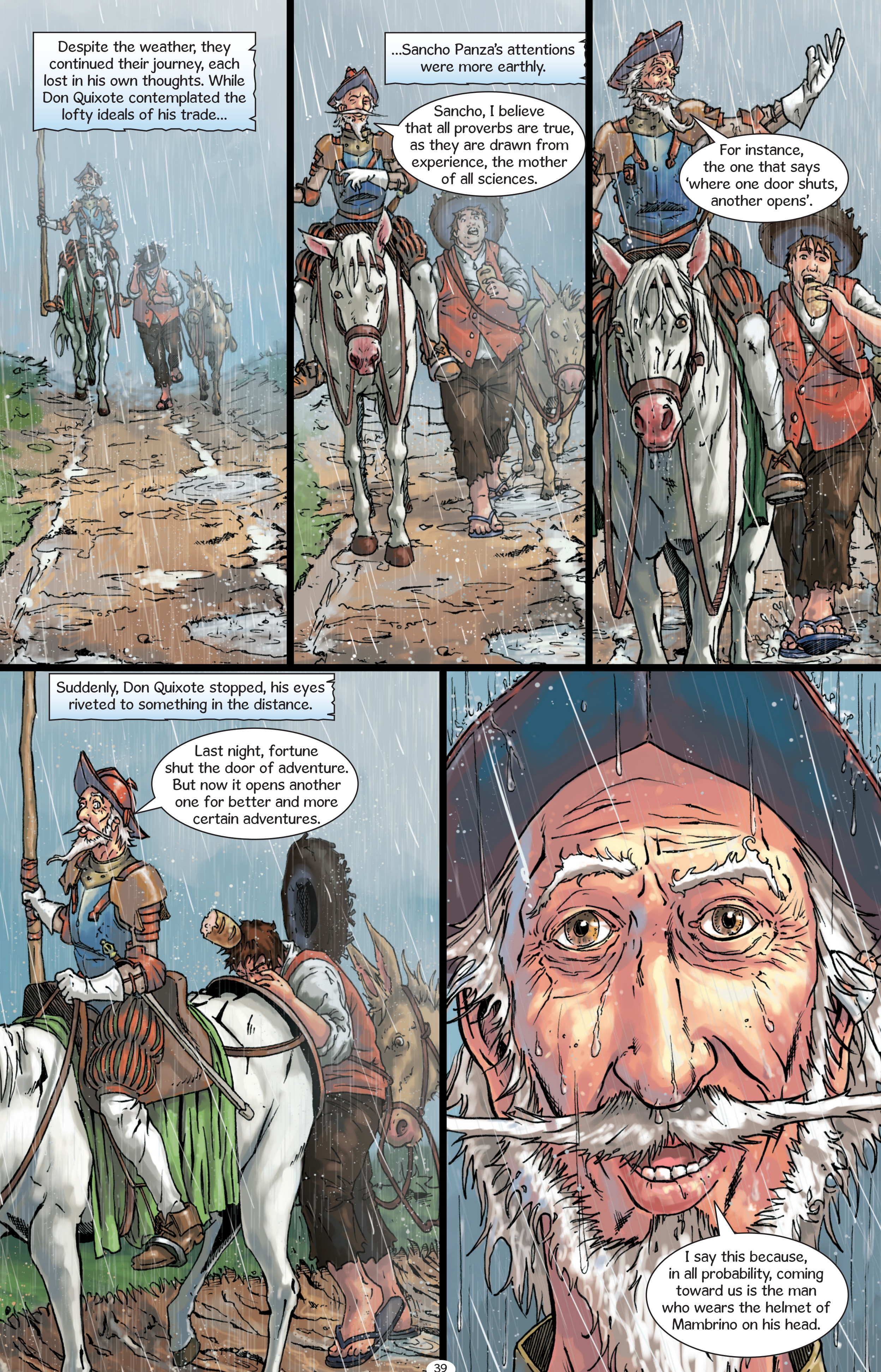

How are you, my good man? How do you find yourself?
Speak more respectfully, blockhead. Is it the custom in this country to address knights in this way?

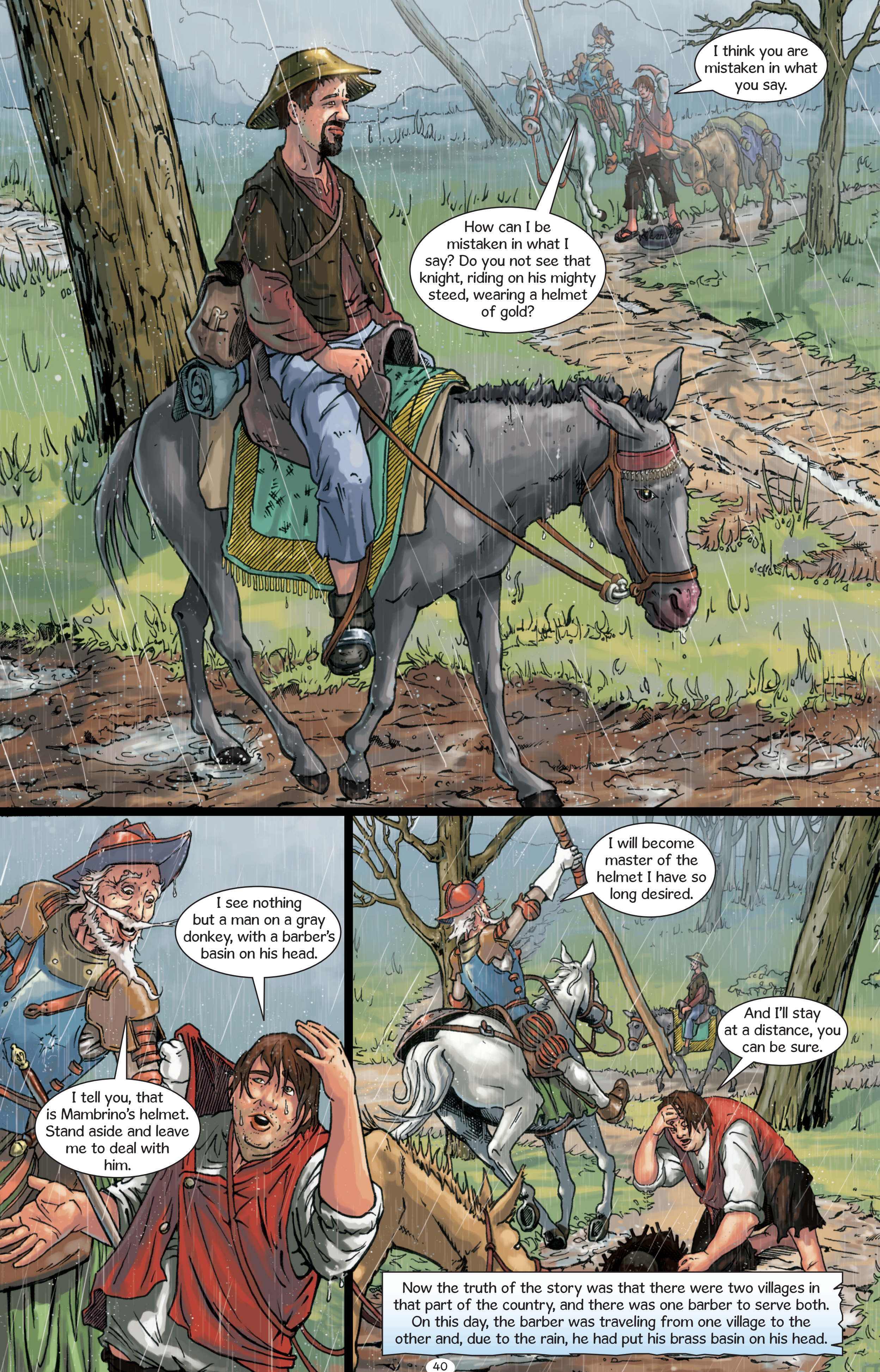

Finding himself spoken to so disrespectfully, the officer left.
Surely, sir, this is the wizard.
That is the truth. Let us hurry from this place.
At first light, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza prepared to leave the enchanted castle behind.
As they did so, the innkeeper joined them.
My Lord Governor, the favors I have received in your castle are so great and extraordinary that I will always be grateful.
If I can repay you by avenging someone who has wronged you--
All I desire is that you pay your dues for your expenses in my inn.


Then this is an inn?
Upon my honor I thought it was a castle, and a considerable one too.
Yes. And a very respectable and well-reputed one too.
How strange. I have been mistaken then!
But if it is an inn, and not a castle, you must excuse me from paying anything. I cannot break the laws by which knights are bound, that state that they never pay for lodging in an inn.
I have nothing to do with all this. Pay your dues, and do not trouble me with your stories of a cock and a bull.
And with that, Don Quixote left Sancho to fend for himself.
You are a blockhead and a bad innkeeper.

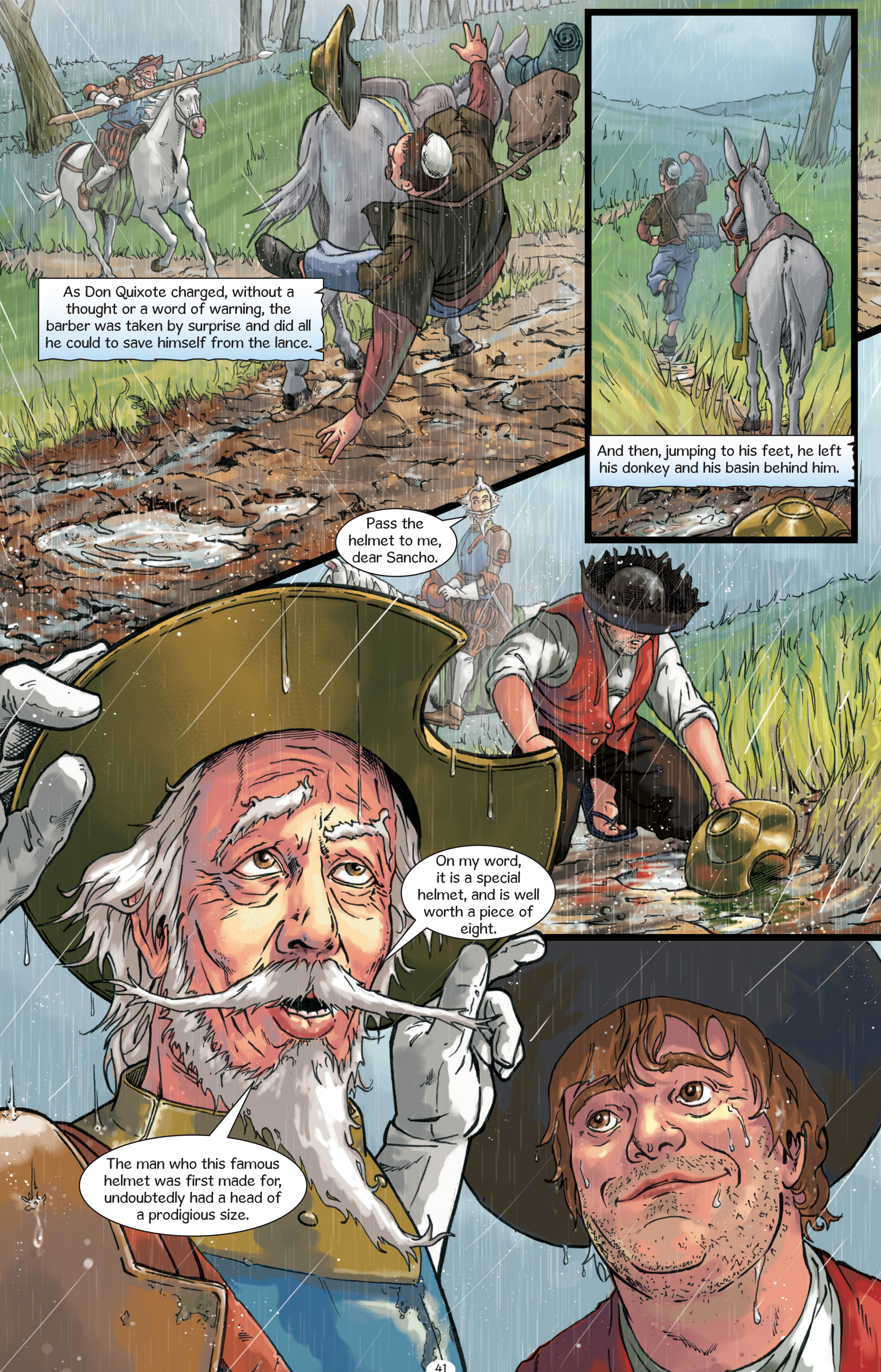

In that case, you will have to pay.
If he won't agree to pay, we'll have to use measures to persuade him.
I will not pay a cross. The law that excuses the knight, also excuses his squire!
Several of the crowd were fond of a joke, and went to collect a blanket from inside.
The cries of the poor, blanket-tossed Sancho were so loud that they reached the ears of his master.
He did his best to get over the fence, but was so bruised that he could not even get down from his horse.

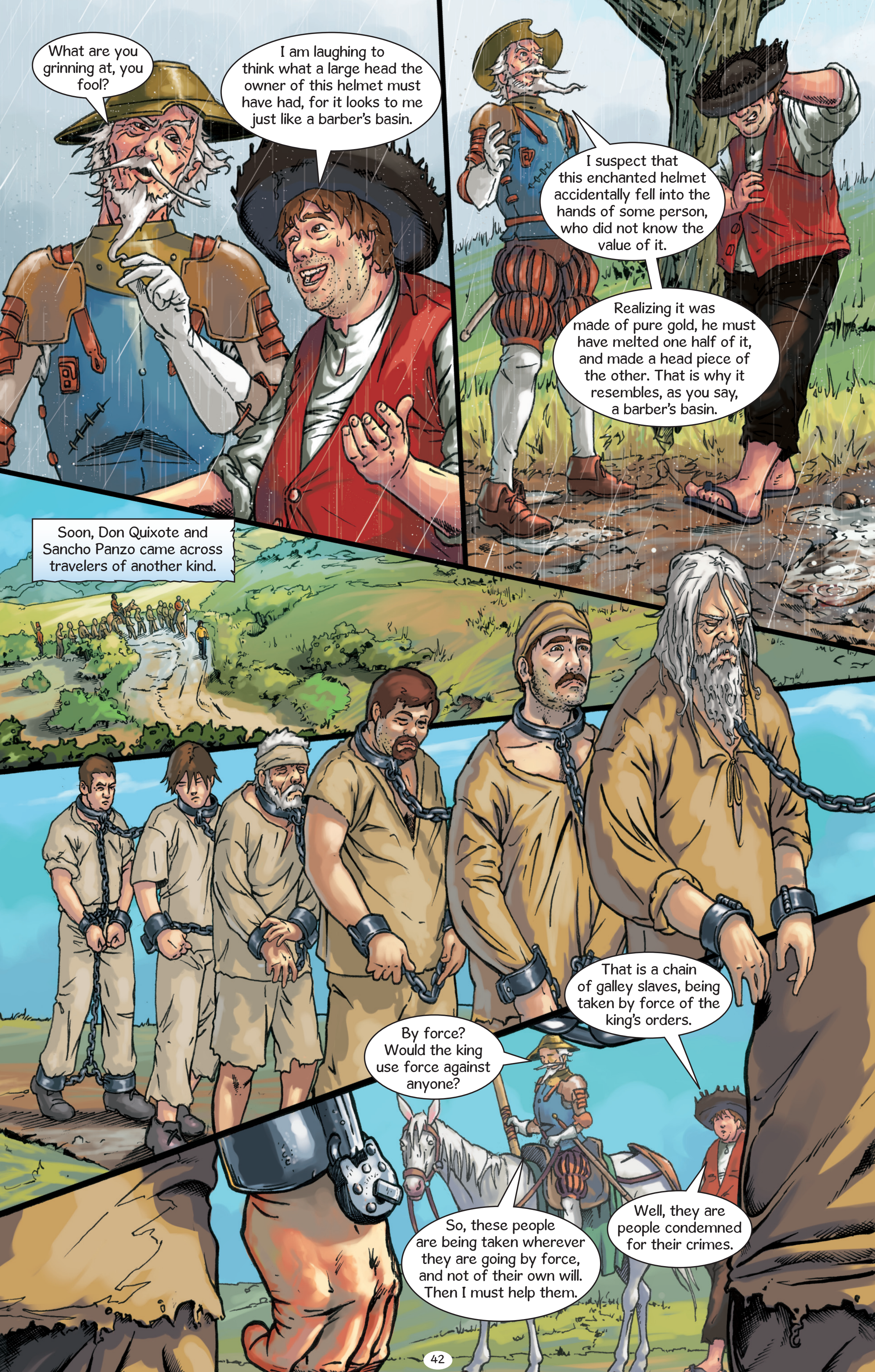

When the men finally tired of having fun with Sancho, they let him rejoin his master. But he was so limp, faint, and embarrassed, that he was hardly able to sit on his donkey.
I believe, Sancho, that those who made sport with you were ghosts.
By now, Sancho was beginning to get tired of his master's wild ideas.
I believe they were men of flesh and blood, like you and me.
I was enchanted and unable to alight from Rozinante.
Do not believe that not being able to get off your horse was caused by an enchanter's trick.
These adventures we seek will only lead us into trouble. Perhaps we should return home.
How little you know! One day you will see how honorable it is to follow this profession.
Tell me: what greater pleasure can there be than winning a battle and triumphing over your enemy?
You may be right. I only know that it has been nothing but cudgels and blows so far. Then I was tossed in a blanket.

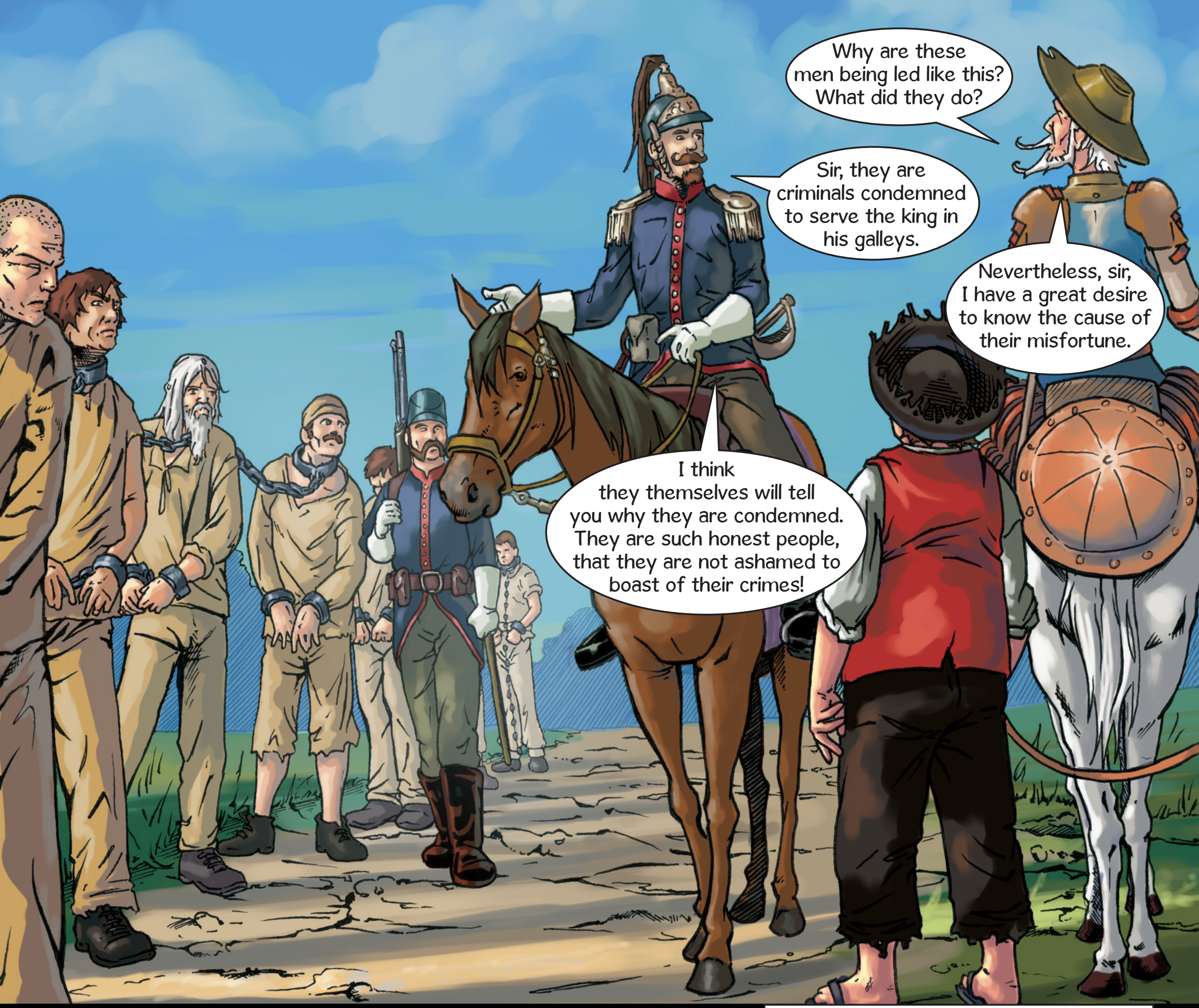

Despite the weather, they continued their journey, each lost in his own thoughts. While Don Quixote contemplated the lofty ideals of his trade...
...Sancho Panza's attentions were more earthly.
Sancho, I believe that all proverbs are true, as they are drawn from experience, the mother of all sciences.
For instance, the one that says 'where one door shuts, another opens'.
Suddenly, Don Quixote stopped, his eyes riveted to something in the distance.
Last night, fortune shut the door of adventure. But now it opens another one for better and more certain adventures.
I say this because, in all probability, coming toward us is the man who wears the helmet of Mambrino on his head.

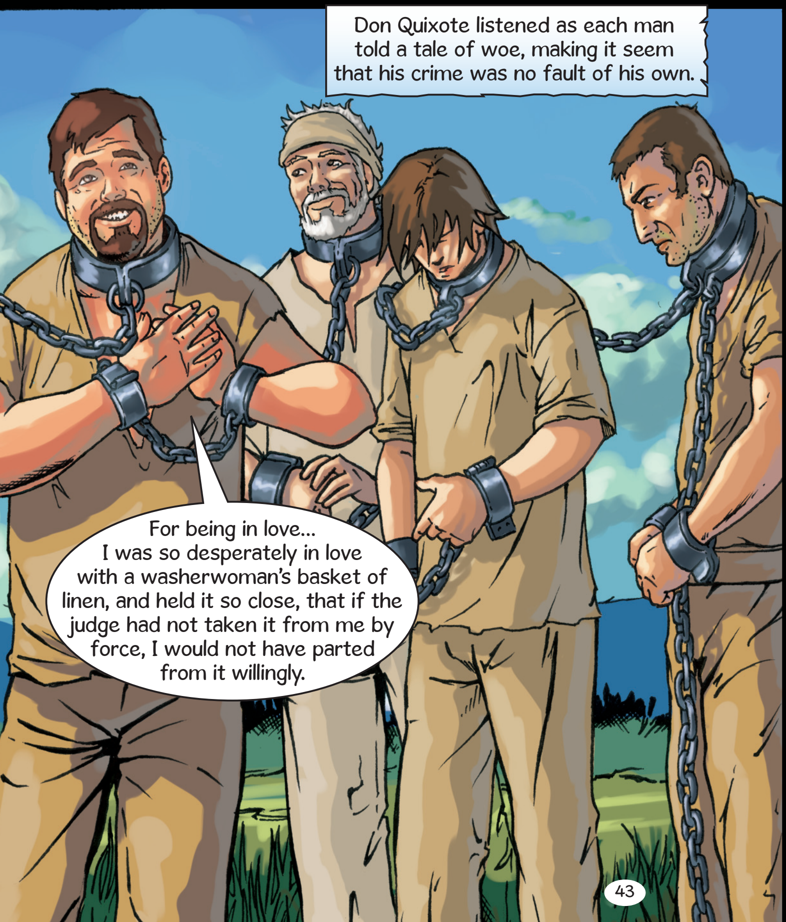

I think you are mistaken in what you say.
How can I be mistaken in what I say? Do you not see that knight, riding on his mighty steed, wearing a helmet of gold?
I see nothing but a man on a gray donkey, with a barber's basin on his head.
I tell you, that is Mambrino's helmet. Stand aside and leave me to deal with him.
I will become master of the helmet I have so long desired.
And I'll stay at a distance, you can be sure.

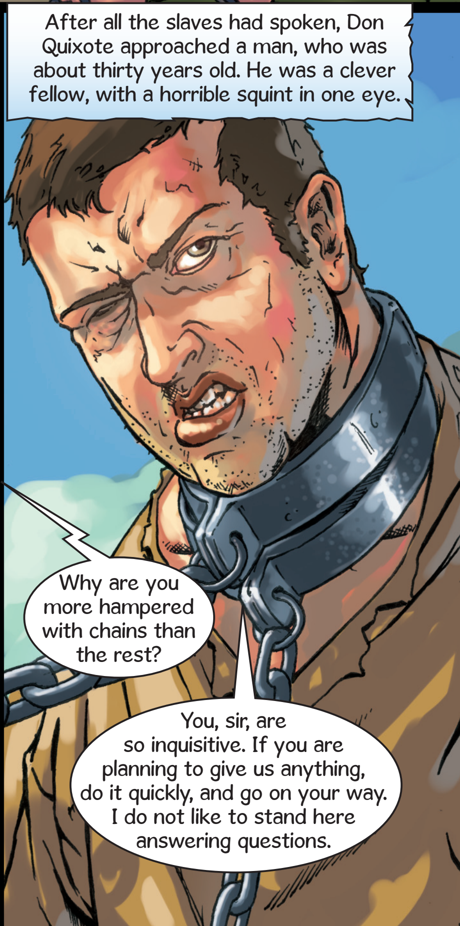
Now the truth of the story was that there were two villages in that part of the country, and there was one barber to serve both. On this day, the barber was traveling from one village to the other and, due to the rain, he had put his brass basin on his head.

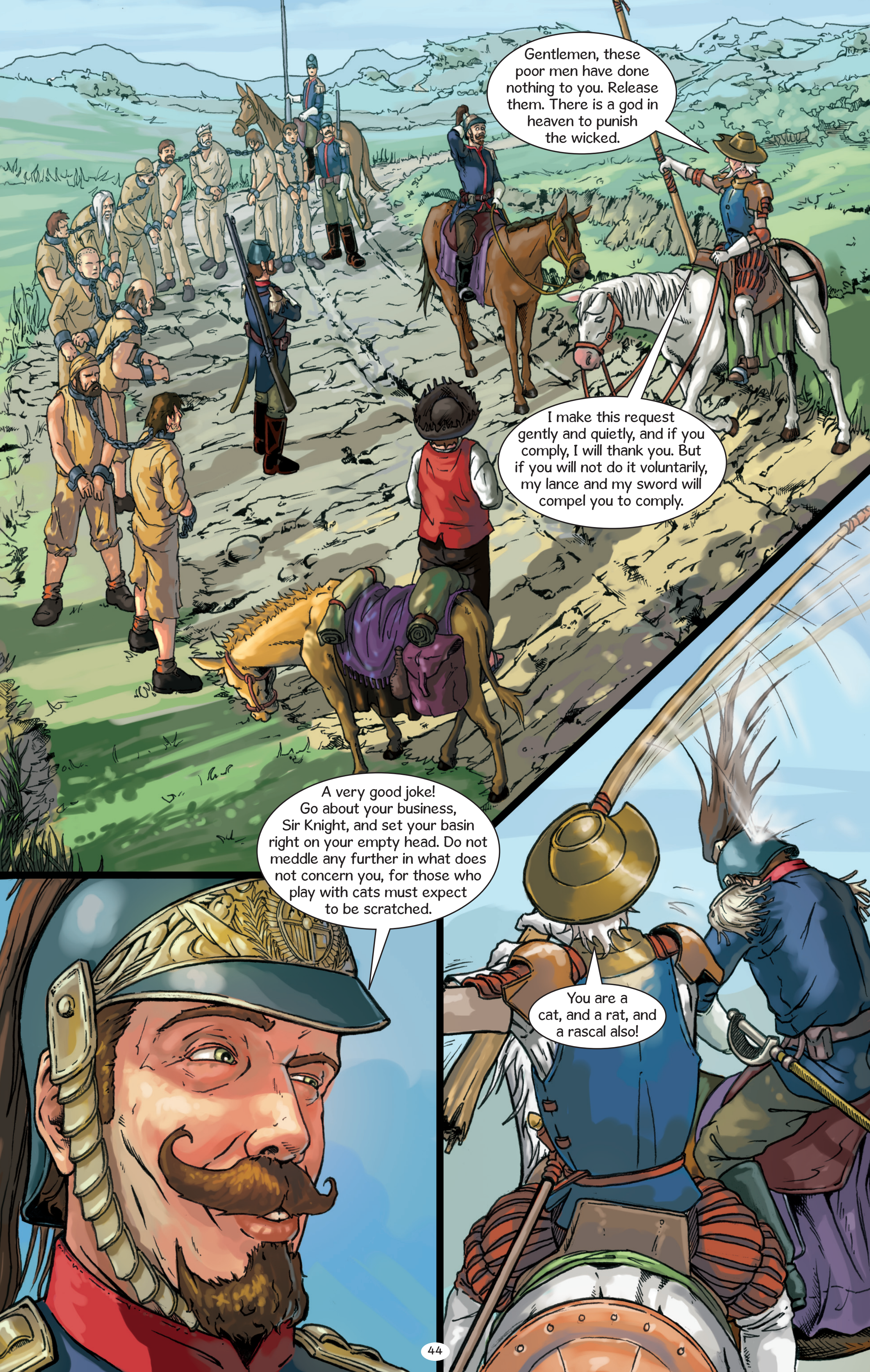

As Don Quixote charged, without a thought or a word of warning, the barber was taken by surprise and did all he could to save himself from the lance.
And then, jumping to his feet, he left his donkey and his basin behind him.
Pass the helmet to me, dear Sancho.
On my word, it is a special helmet, and is well worth a piece of eight.
The man who this famous helmet was first made for, undoubtedly had a head of a prodigious size.

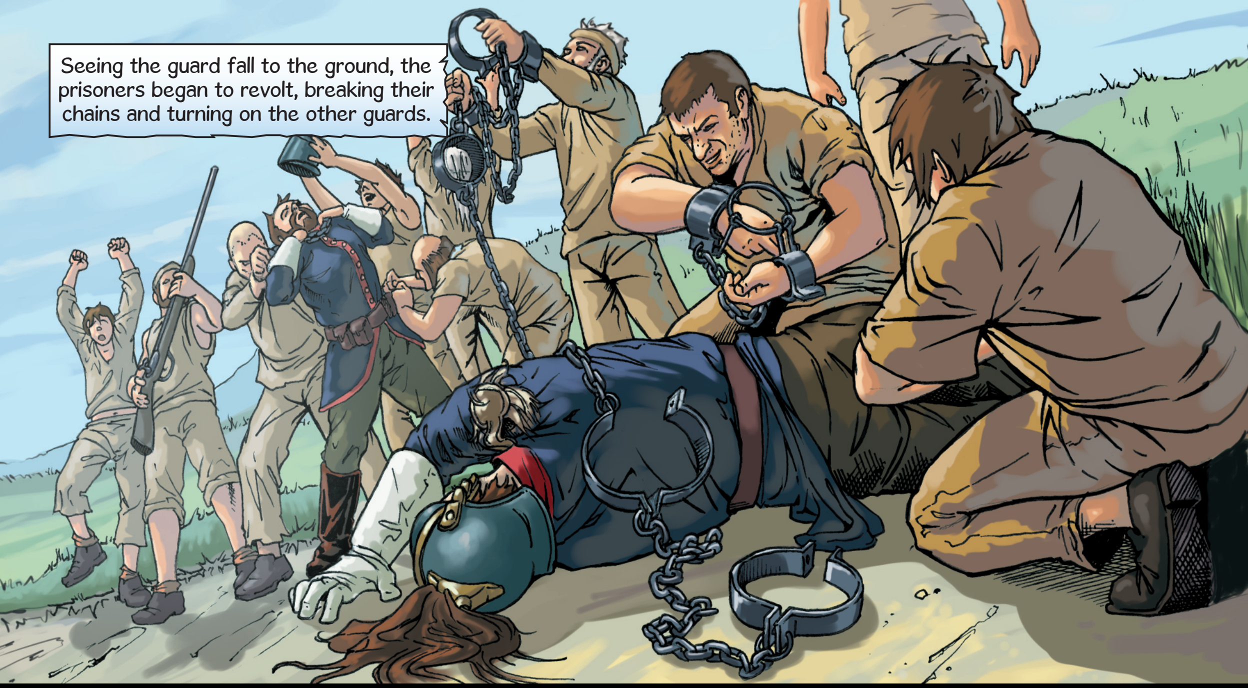

What are you grinning at, you fool?
I am laughing to think what a large head the owner of this helmet must have had, for it looks to me just like a barber's basin.
I suspect that this enchanted helmet accidentally fell into the hands of some person, who did not know the value of it.
Realizing it was made of pure gold, he must have melted one half of it, and made a head piece of the other. That is why it resembles, as you say, a barber's basin.
Soon, Don Quixote and Sancho Panzo came across travelers of another kind.
That is a chain of galley slaves, being taken by force of the king's orders.
By force? Would the king use force against anyone?
Well, they are people condemned for their crimes.
So, these people are being taken wherever they are going by force, and not of their own will. Then I must help them.


Why are these men being led like this? What did they do?
Sir, they are criminals condemned to serve the king in his galleys.
Nevertheless, sir, I have a great desire to know the cause of their misfortune.
I think they themselves will tell you why they are condemned. They are such honest people, that they are not ashamed to boast of their crimes!

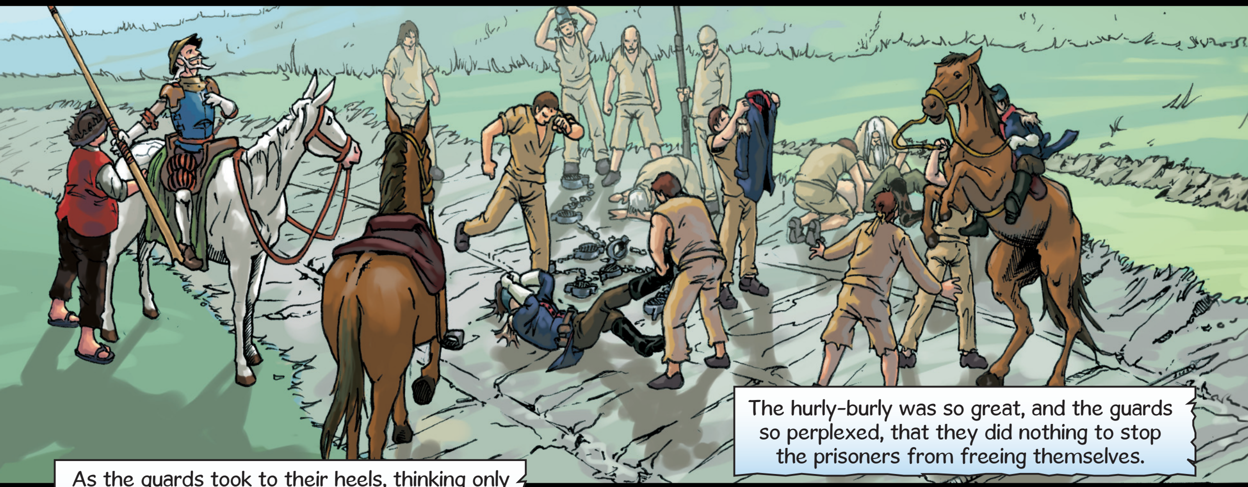

Don Quixote listened as each man told a tale of woe, making it seem that his crime was no fault of his own.
For being in love... I was so desperately in love with a washerwoman's basket of linen, and held it so close, that if the judge had not taken it from me by force, I would not have parted from it willingly.


After all the slaves had spoken, Don Quixote approached a man, who was about thirty years old. He was a clever fellow, with a horrible squint in one eye.
Why are you more hampered with chains than the rest?
You, sir, are so inquisitive. If you are planning to give us anything, do it quickly, and go on your way. I do not like to stand here answering questions.

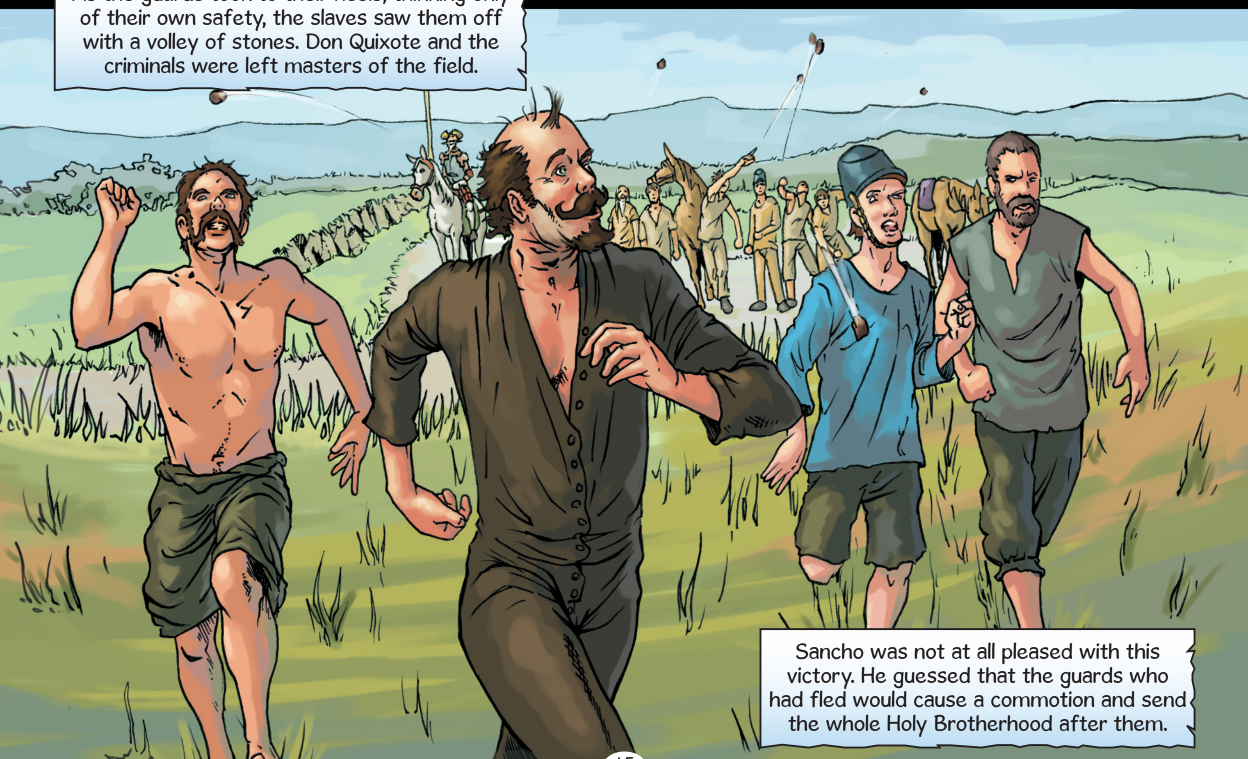

Gentlemen, these poor men have done nothing to you. Release them. There is a god in heaven to punish the wicked.
I make this request gently and quietly, and if you comply, I will thank you. But if you will not do it voluntarily, my lance and my sword will compel you to comply.
A very good joke! Go about your business, Sir Knight, and set your basin right on your empty head. Do not meddle any further in what does not concern you, for those who play with cats must expect to be scratched.
You are a cat, and a rat, and a rascal also!



Seeing the guard fall to the ground, the prisoners began to revolt, breaking their chains and turning on the other guards.

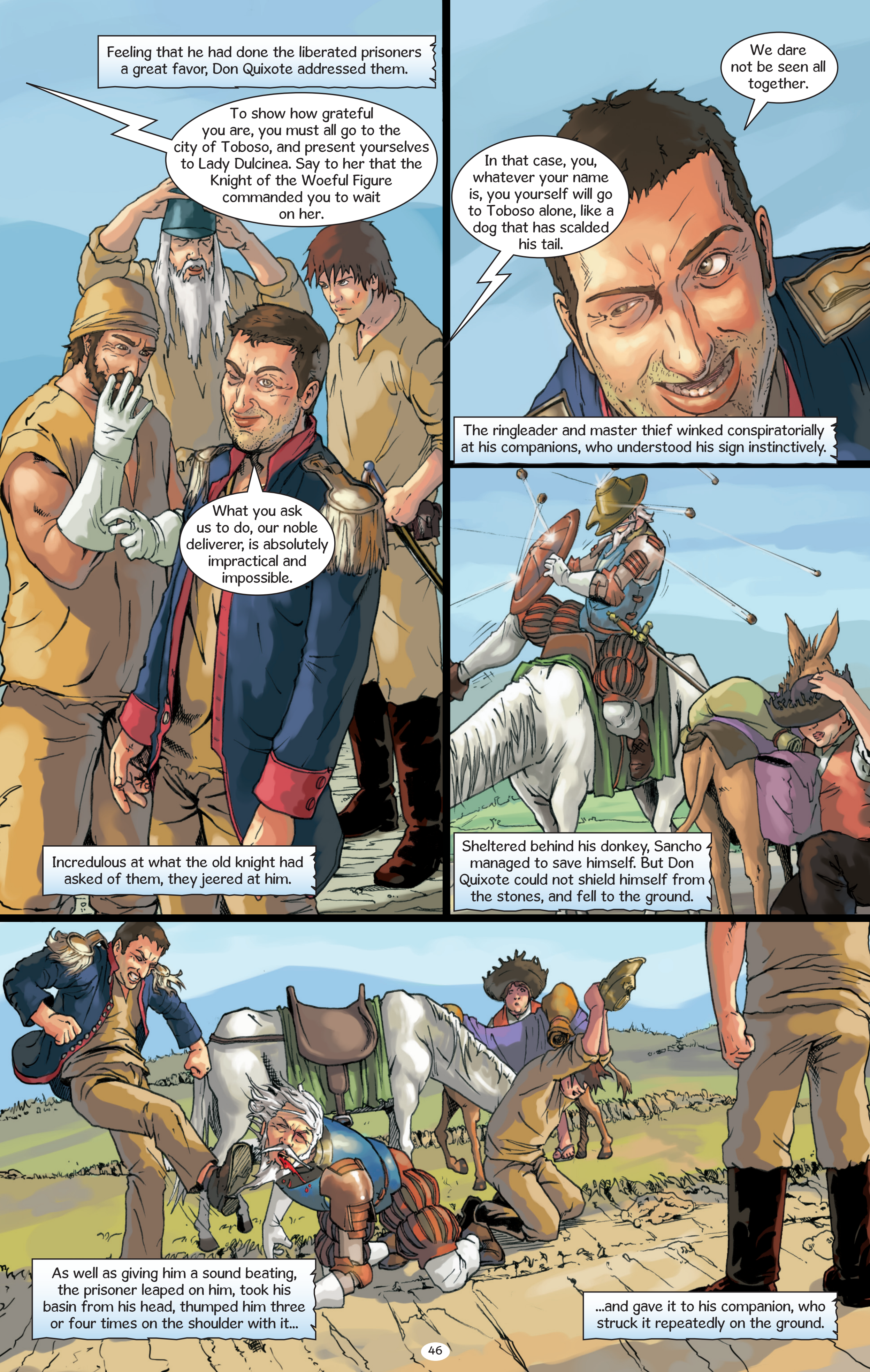


The hurly-burly was so great, and the guards so perplexed, that they did nothing to stop the prisoners from freeing themselves.



As the guards took to their heels, thinking only of their own safety, the slaves saw them off with a volley of stones. Don Quixote and the criminals were left masters of the field.

Sancho was not at all pleased with this victory. He guessed that the guards who had fled would cause a commotion and send the whole Holy Brotherhood after them.



Feeling that he had done the liberated prisoners a great favor, Don Quixote addressed them.

To show how grateful you are, you must all go to the city of Toboso, and present yourselves to Lady Dulcinea. Say to her that the Knight of the Woeful Figure commanded you to wait on her.
What you ask us to do, our noble deliverer, is absolutely impractical and impossible.

Incredulous at what the old knight had asked of them, they jeered at him.

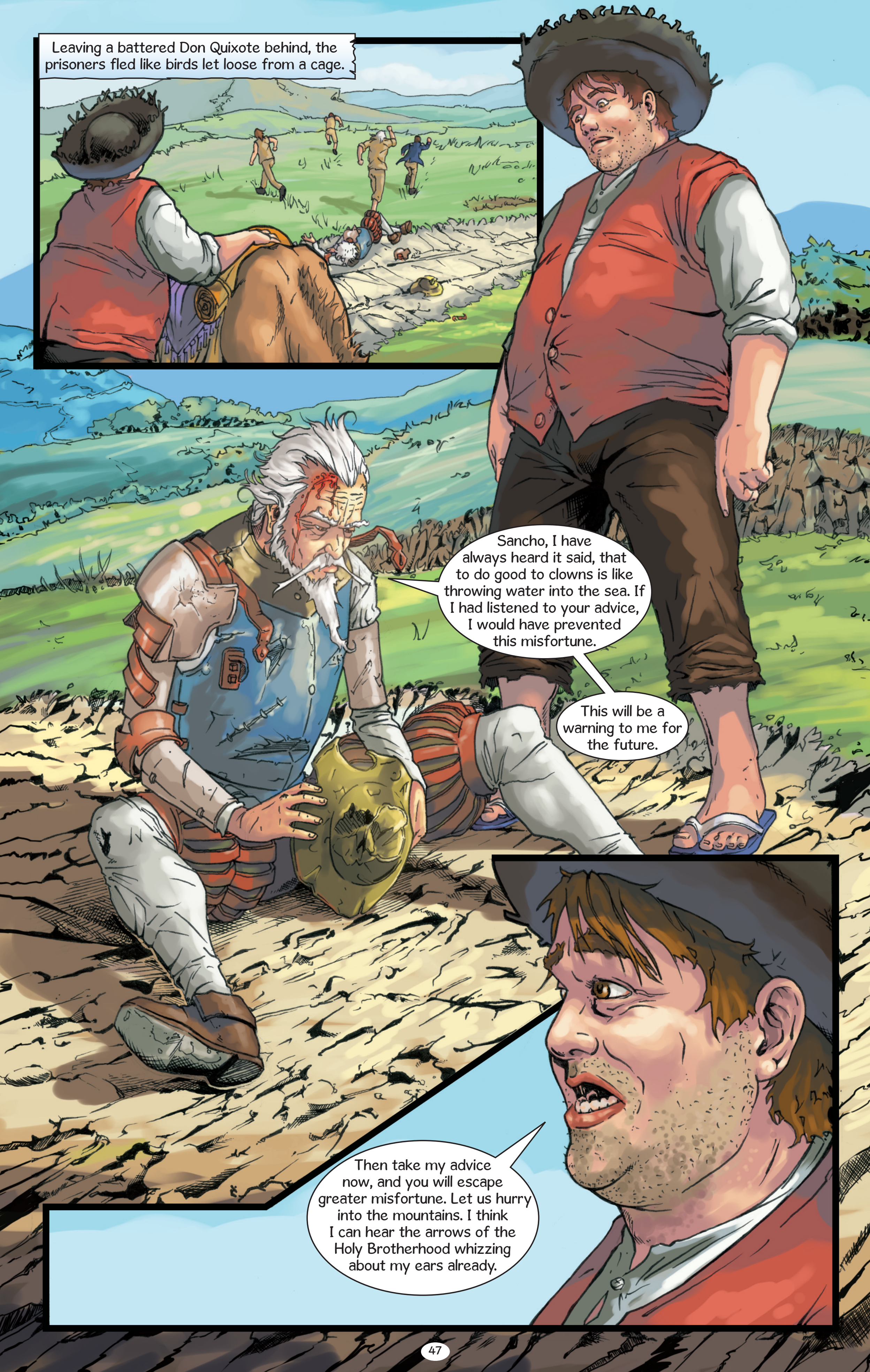
We dare not be seen all together.
In that case, you, whatever your name is, you yourself will go to Toboso alone, like a dog that has scalded his tail.

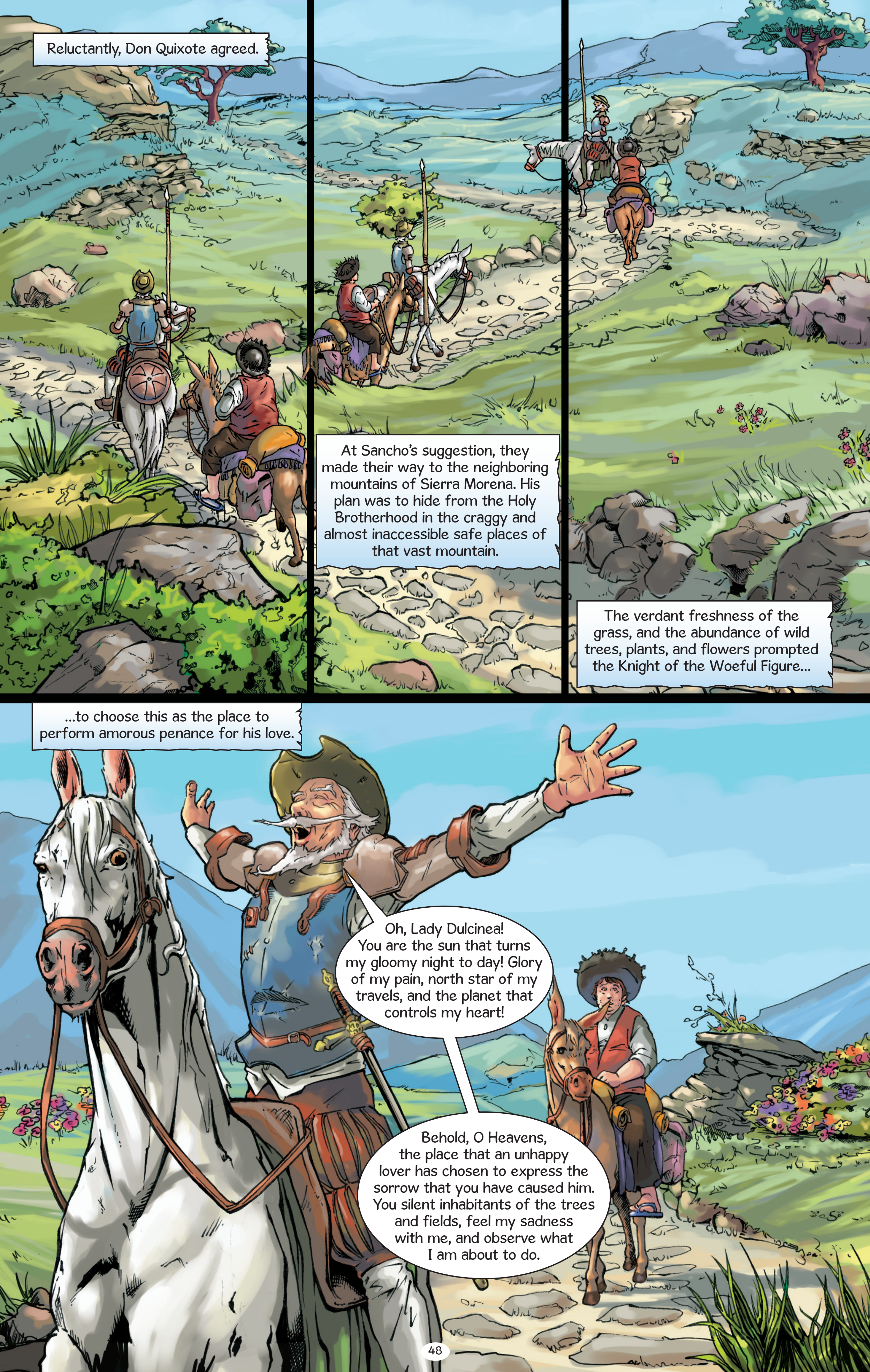
The ringleader and master thief winked conspiratorially at his companions, who understood his sign instinctively.

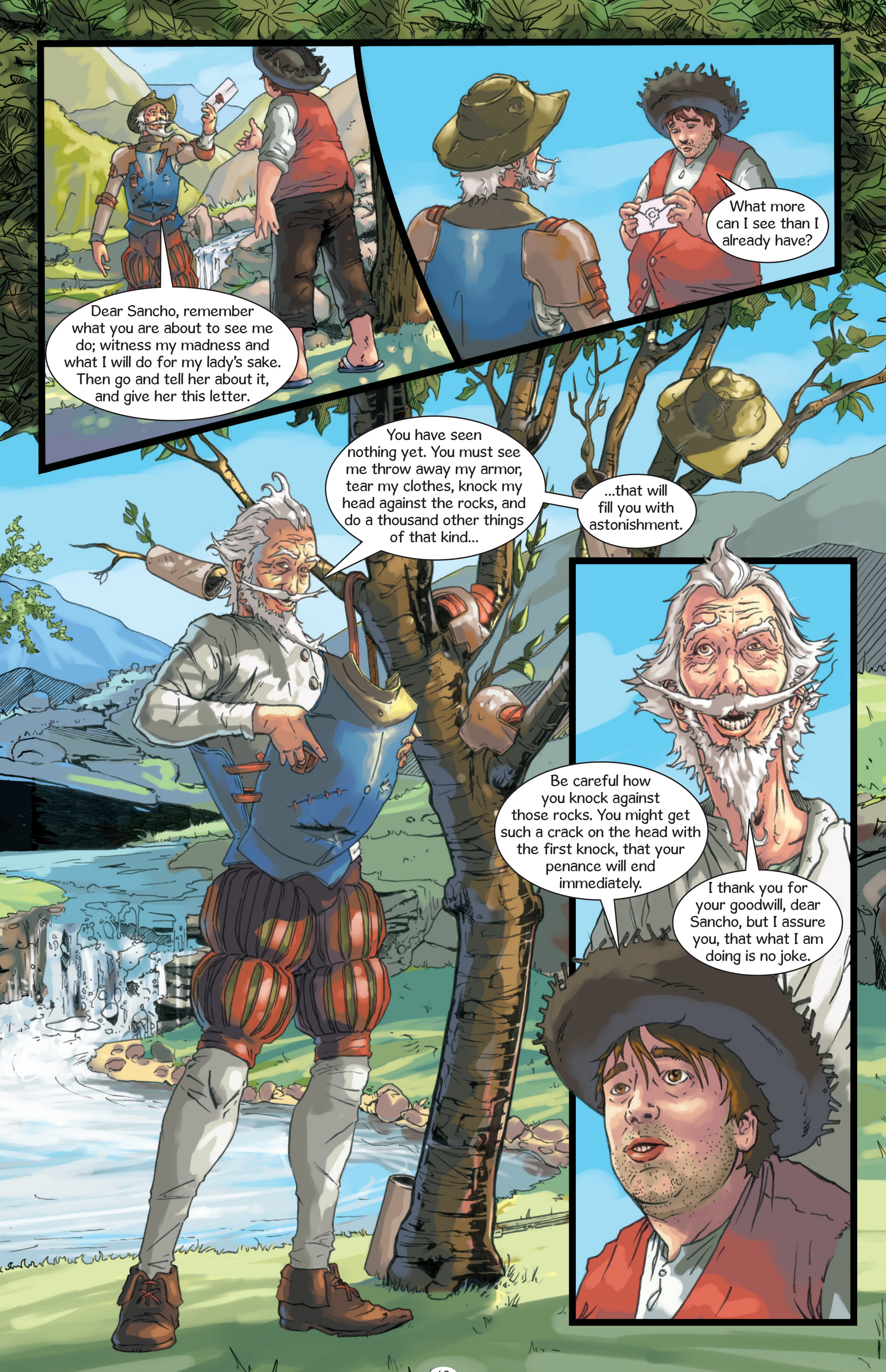
Sheltered behind his donkey, Sancho managed to save himself. But Don Quixote could not shield himself from the stones, and fell to the ground.

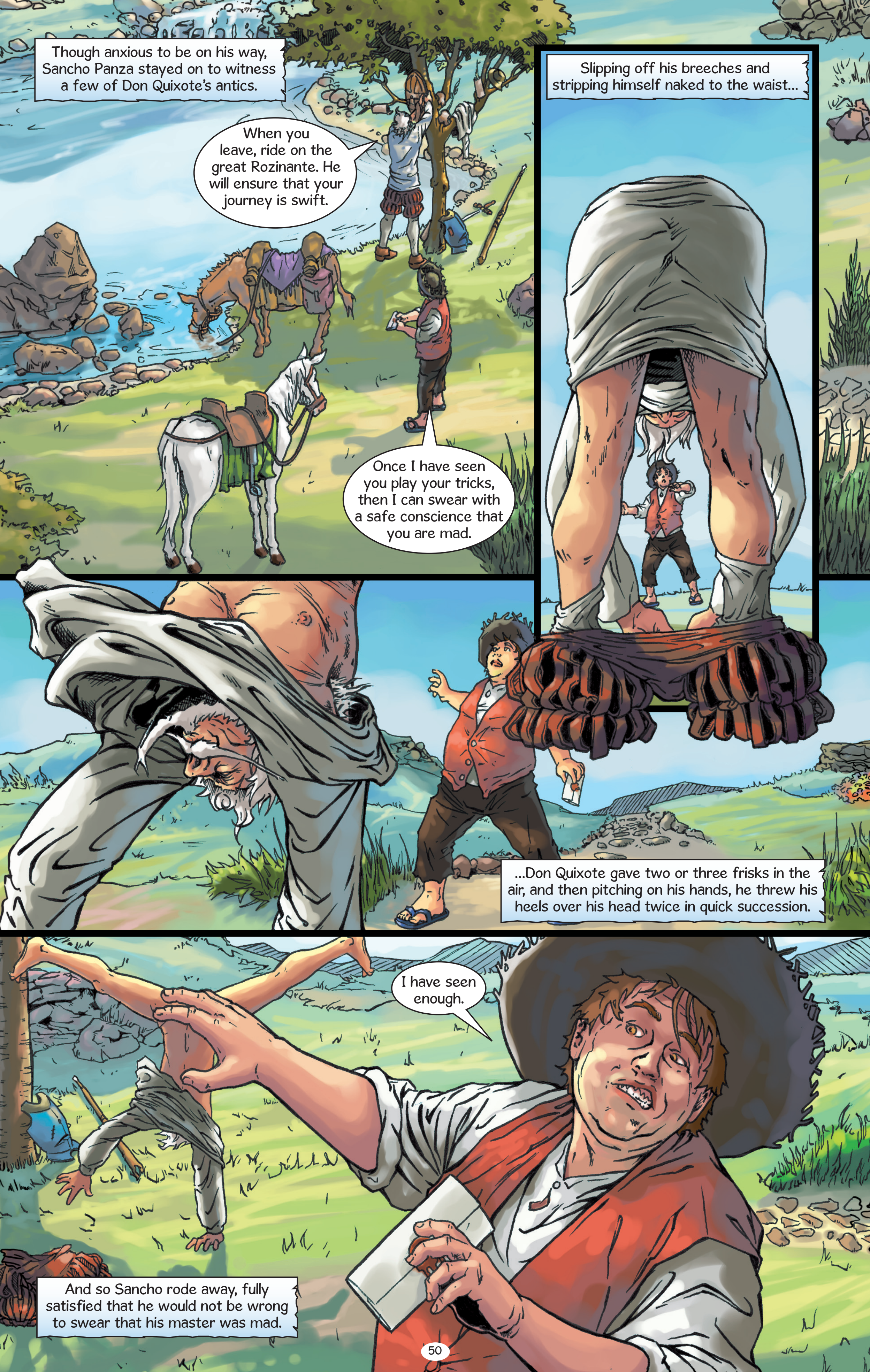
As well as giving him a sound beating, the prisoner leaped on him, took his basin from his head, thumped him three or four times on the shoulder with it...

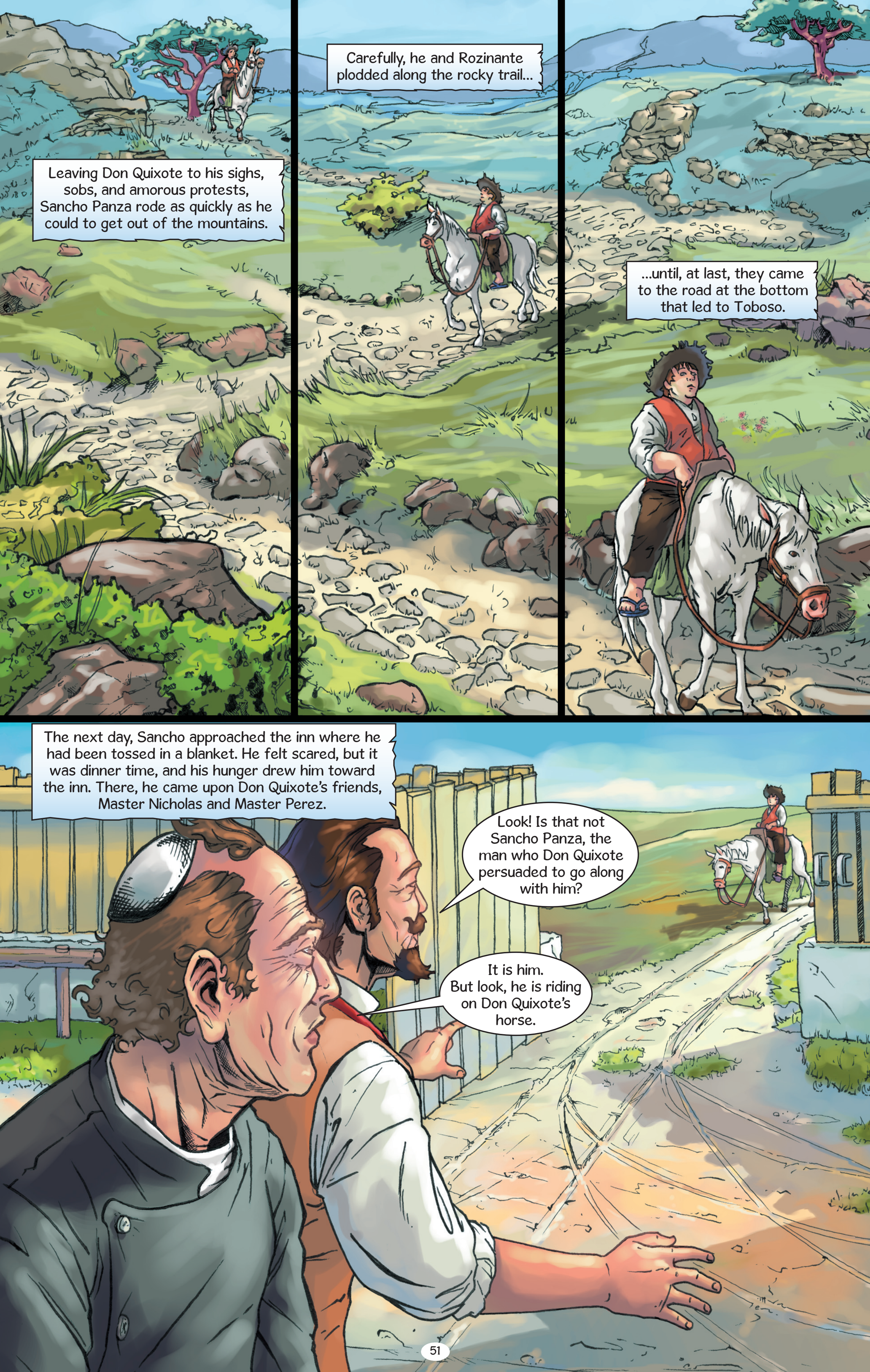
...and gave it to his companion, who struck it repeatedly on the ground.

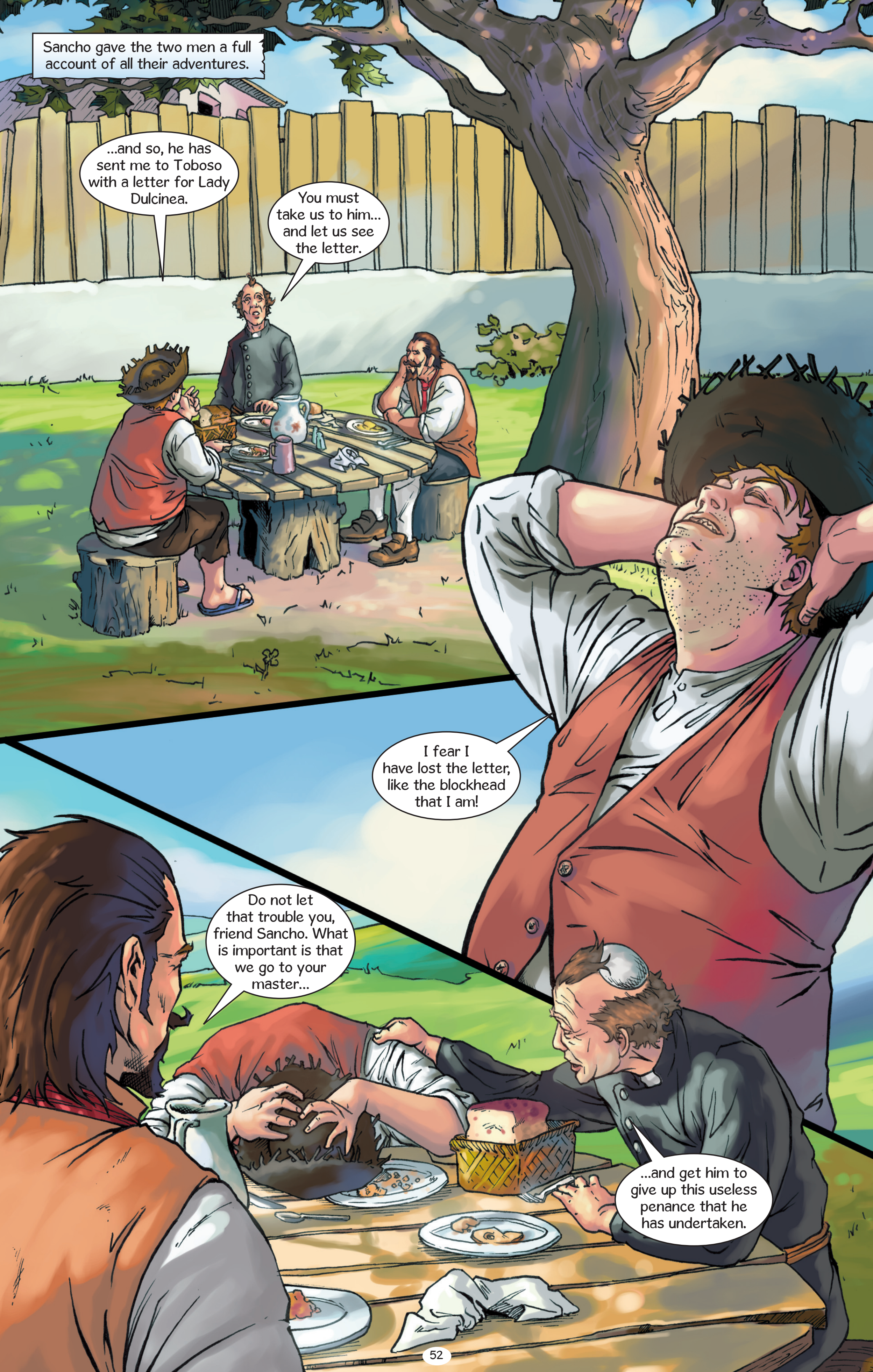

Leaving a battered Don Quixote behind, the prisoners fled like birds let loose from a cage.
Sancho, I have always heard it said, that to do good to clowns is like throwing water into the sea. If I had listened to your advice, I would have prevented this misfortune.
This will be a warning to me for the future.
Then take my advice now, and you will escape greater misfortune. Let us hurry into the mountains. I think I can hear the arrows of the Holy Brotherhood whizzing about my ears already.

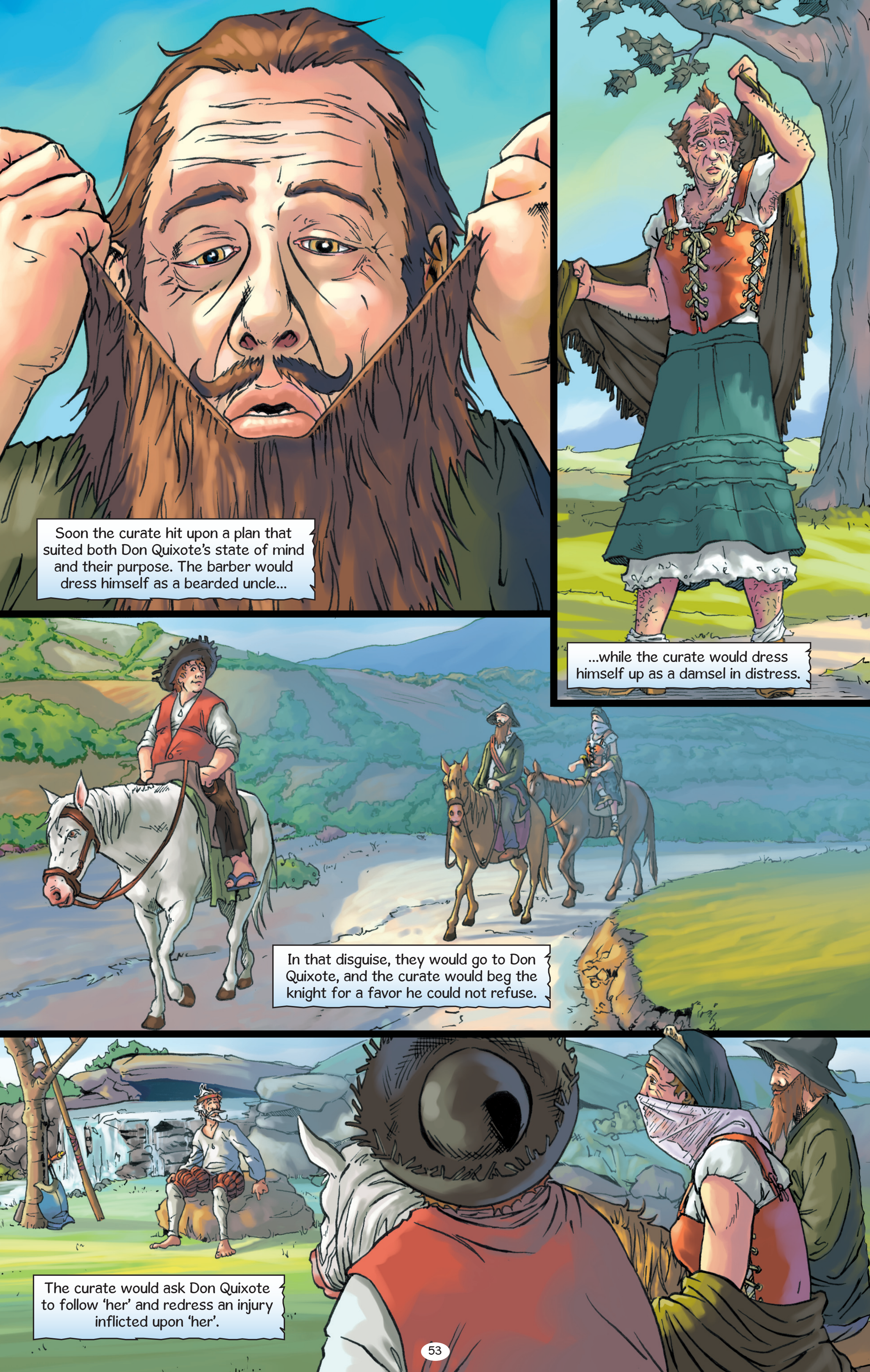

Reluctantly, Don Quixote agreed.
At Sancho's suggestion, they made their way to the neighboring mountains of Sierra Morena. His plan was to hide from the Holy Brotherhood in the craggy and almost inaccessible safe places of that vast mountain.
The verdant freshness of the grass, and the abundance of wild trees, plants, and flowers prompted the Knight of the Woeful Figure...
...to choose this as the place to perform amorous penance for his love.
Oh, Lady Dulcinea! You are the sun that turns my gloomy night to day! Glory of my pain, north star of my travels, and the planet that controls my heart!
Behold, O Heavens, the place that an unhappy lover has chosen to express the sorrow that you have caused him. You silent inhabitants of the trees and fields, feel my sadness with me, and observe what I am about to do.

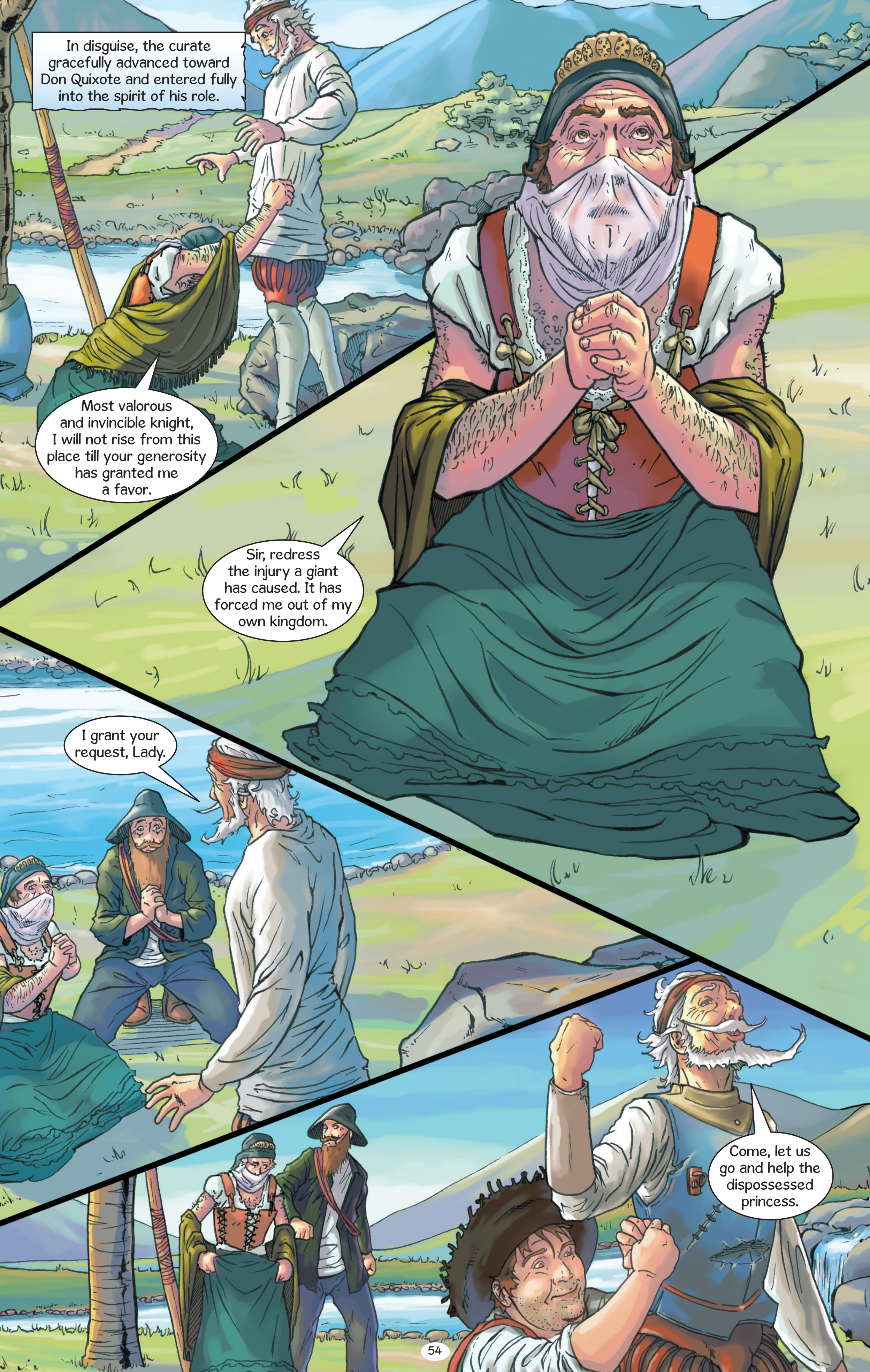

Dear Sancho, remember what you are about to see me do; witness my madness and what I will do for my lady's sake. Then go and tell her about it, and give her this letter.
What more can I see than I already have?
You have seen nothing yet. You must see me throw away my armor, tear my clothes, knock my head against the rocks, and do a thousand other things of that kind...
...that will fill you with astonishment.
Be careful how you knock against those rocks. You might get such a crack on the head with the first knock, that your penance will end immediately.
I thank you for your goodwill, dear Sancho, but I assure you, that what I am doing is no joke.

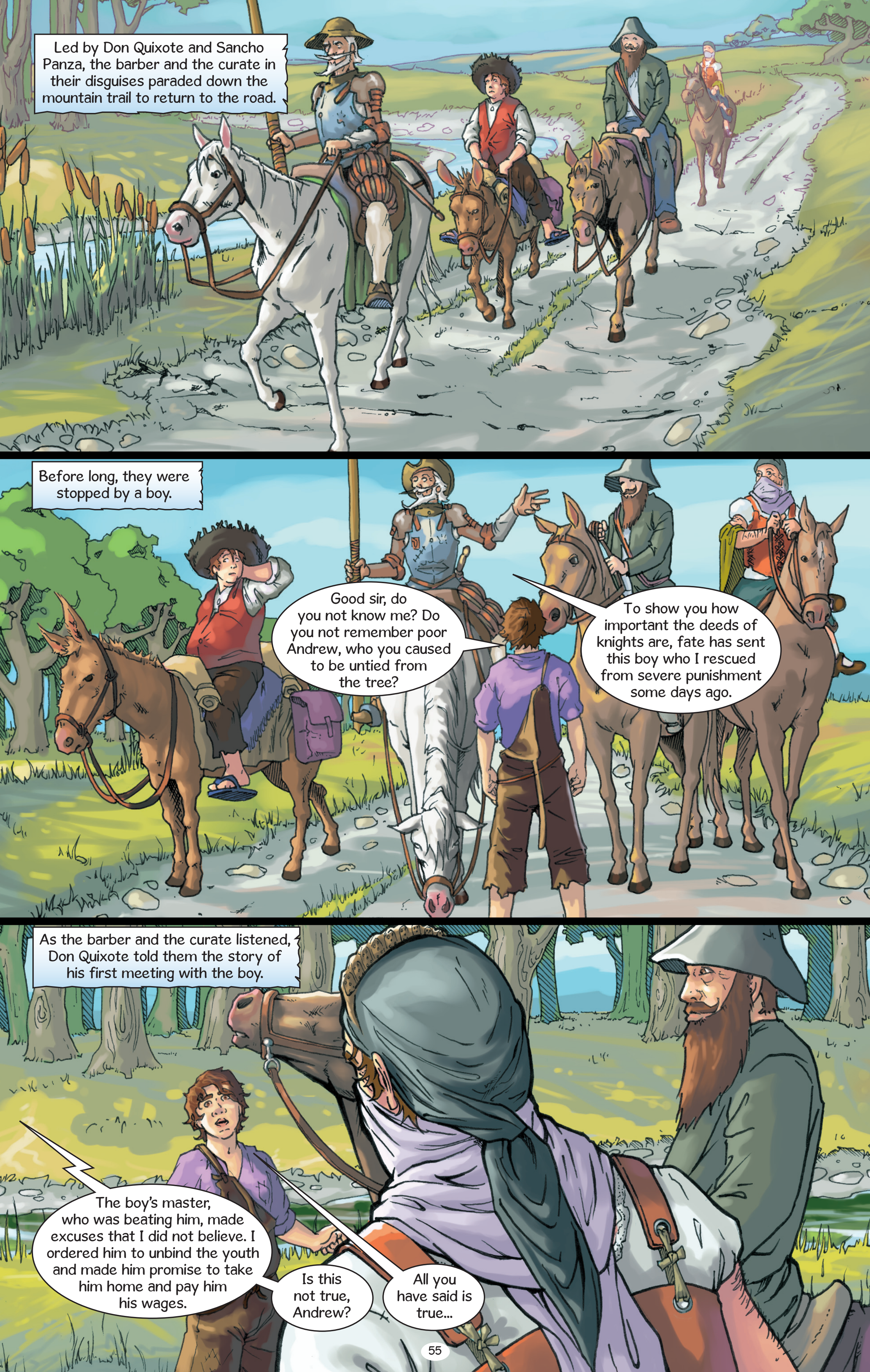

Though anxious to be on his way, Sancho Panza stayed on to witness a few of Don Quixote's antics.
When you leave, ride on the great Rozinante. He will ensure that your journey is swift.
Once I have seen you play your tricks, then I can swear with a safe conscience that you are mad.
Slipping off his breeches and stripping himself naked to the waist...
...Don Quixote gave two or three frisks in the air, and then pitching on his hands, he threw his heels over his head twice in quick succession.
I have seen enough.
And so Sancho rode away, fully satisfied that he would not be wrong to swear that his master was mad.

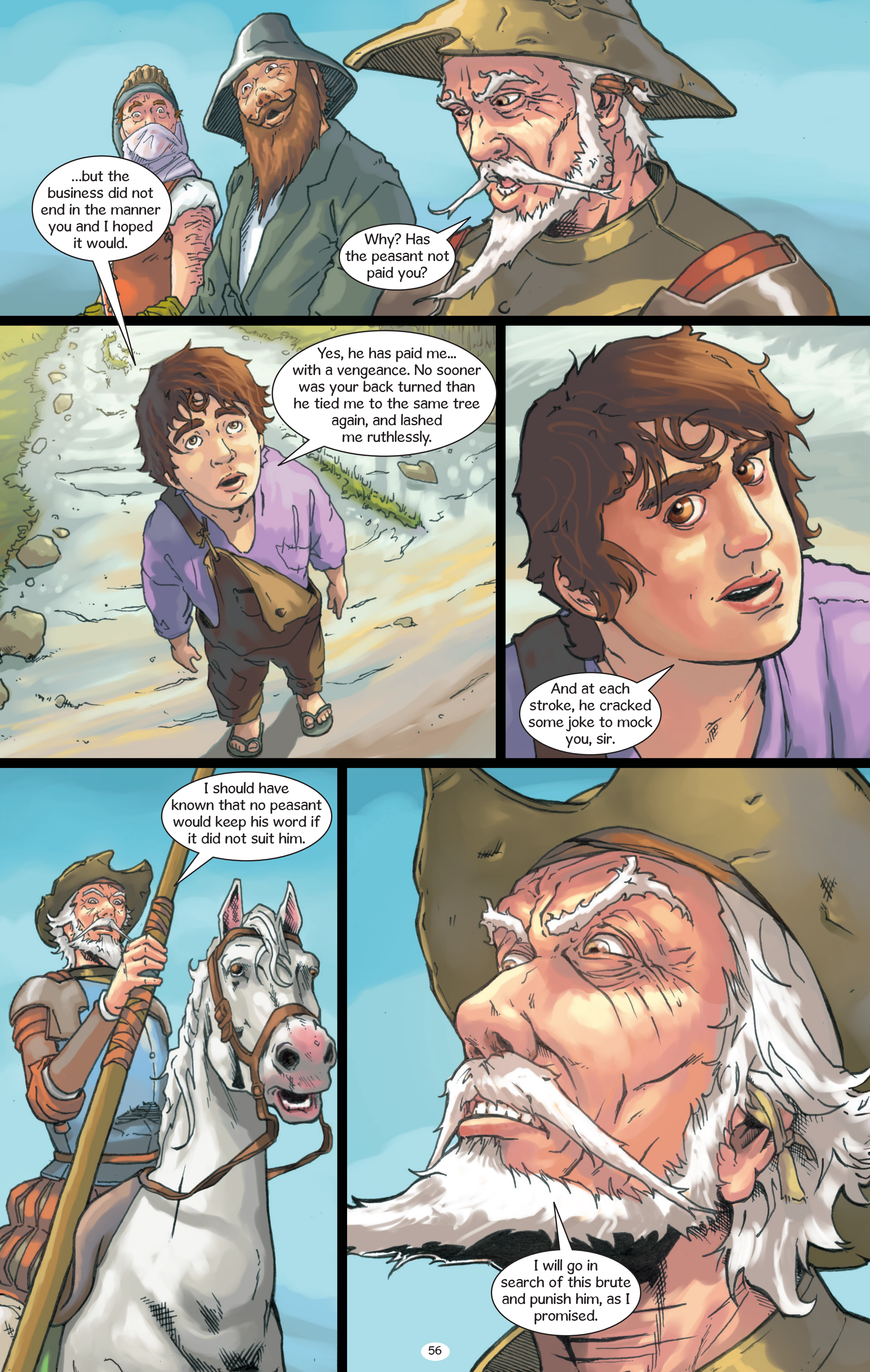

Leaving Don Quixote to his sighs, sobs, and amorous protests, Sancho Panza rode as quickly as he could to get out of the mountains.
Carefully, he and Rozinante plodded along the rocky trail...
...until, at last, they came to the road at the bottom that led to Toboso.
The next day, Sancho approached the inn where he had been tossed in a blanket. He felt scared, but it was dinner time, and his hunger drew him toward the inn. There, he came upon Don Quixote's friends, Master Nicholas and Master Perez.
Look! Is that not Sancho Panza, the man who Don Quixote persuaded to go along with him?
It is him. But look, he is riding on Don Quixote's horse.

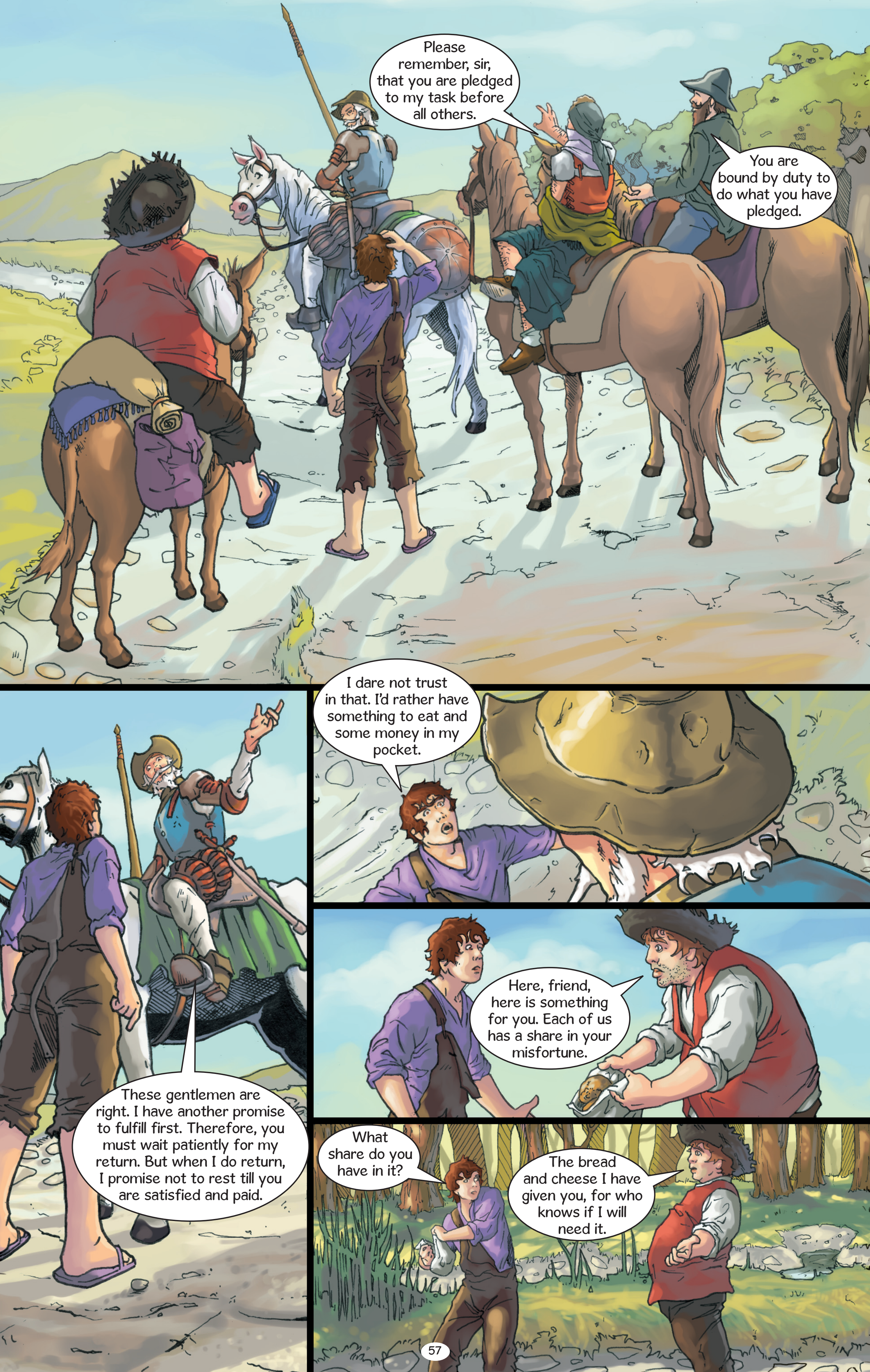

Sancho gave the two men a full account of all their adventures.
...and so, he has sent me to Toboso with a letter for Lady Dulcinea.
You must take us to him... and let us see the letter.
I fear I have lost the letter, like the blockhead that I am!
Do not let that trouble you, friend Sancho. What is important is that we go to your master...
...and get him to give up this useless penance that he has undertaken.

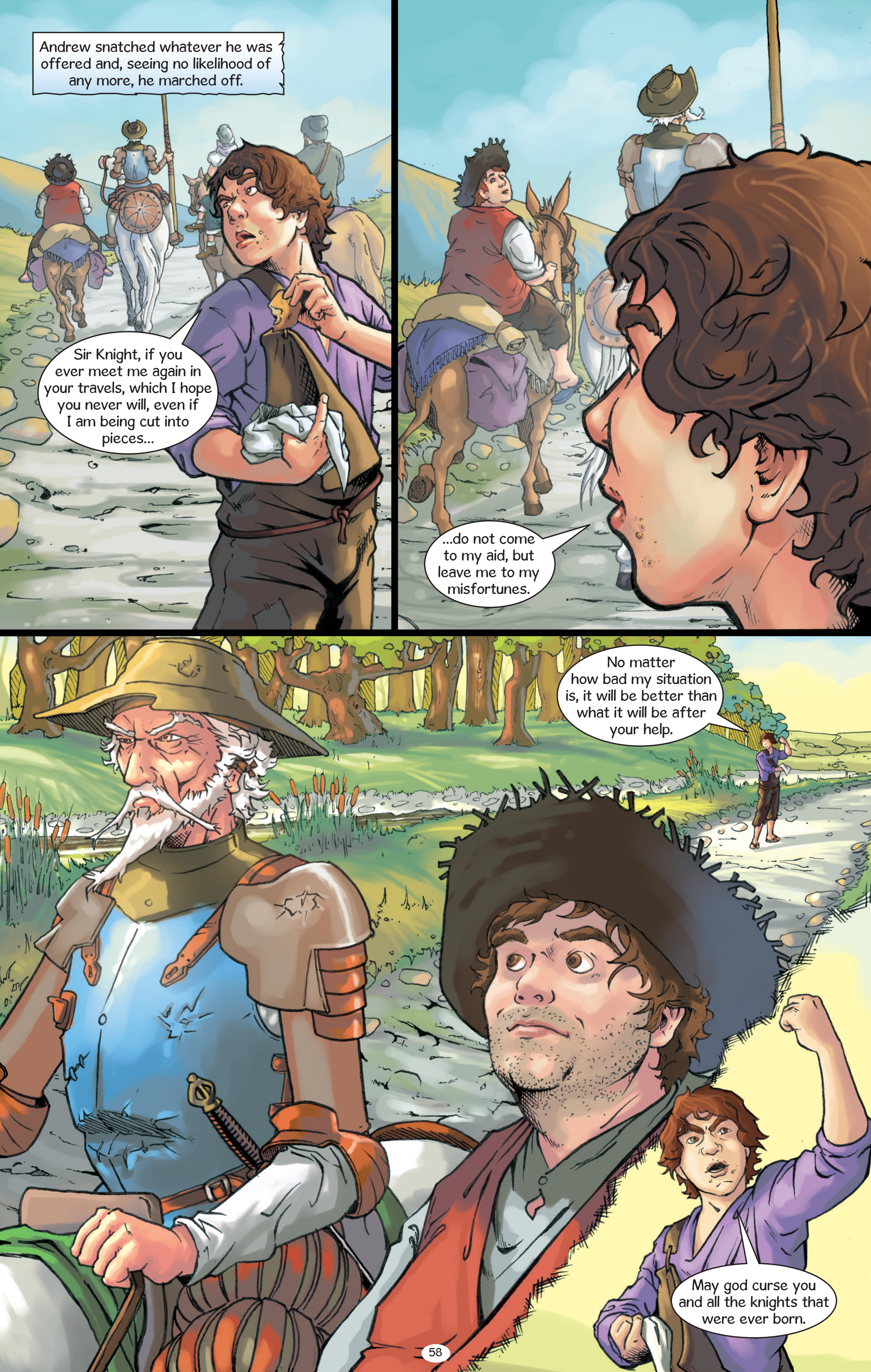

Soon the curate hit upon a plan that suited both Don Quixote's state of mind and their purpose. The barber would dress himself as a bearded uncle...
...while the curate would dress himself up as a damsel in distress.
In that disguise, they would go to Don Quixote, and the curate would beg the knight for a favor he could not refuse.
The curate would ask Don Quixote to follow 'her' and redress an injury inflicted upon 'her'.


In disguise, the curate gracefully advanced toward Don Quixote and entered fully into the spirit of his role.
Most valorous and invincible knight, I will not rise from this place till your generosity has granted me a favor.
Sir, redress the injury a giant has caused. It has forced me out of my own kingdom.
I grant your request, Lady.
Come, let us go and help the dispossessed princess.


Led by Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, the barber and the curate in their disguises paraded down the mountain trail to return to the road.
Before long, they were stopped by a boy.
Good sir, do you not know me? Do you not remember poor Andrew, who you caused to be untied from the tree?
To show you how important the deeds of knights are, fate has sent this boy who I rescued from severe punishment some days ago.
As the barber and the curate listened, Don Quixote told them the story of his first meeting with the boy.
The boy's master, who was beating him, made excuses that I did not believe. I ordered him to unbind the youth and made him promise to take him home and pay him his wages.
Is this not true, Andrew?
All you have said is true...

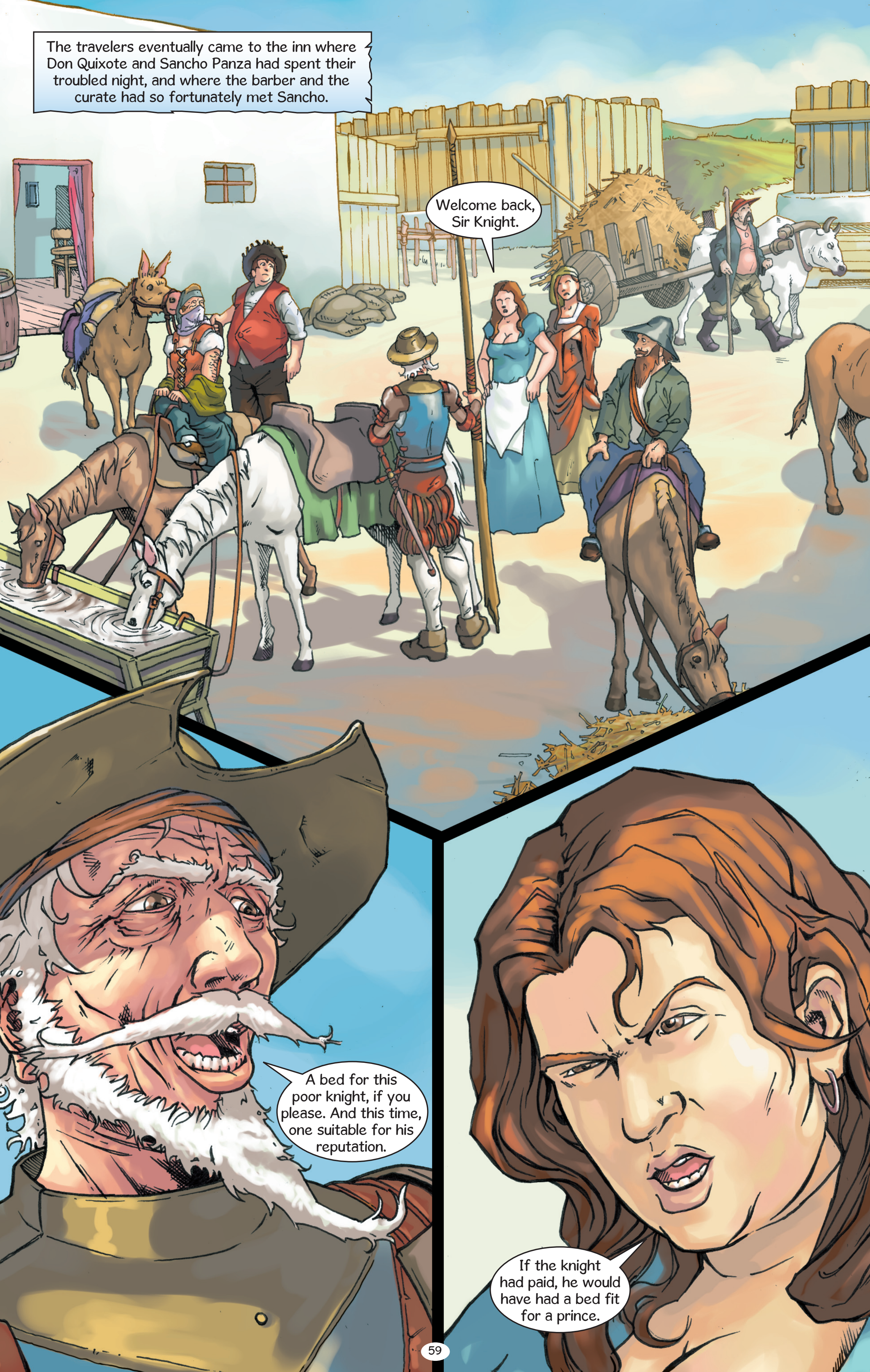

...but the business did not end in the manner you and I hoped it would.
Why? Has the peasant not paid you?
Yes, he has paid me... with a vengeance. No sooner was your back turned than he tied me to the same tree again, and lashed me ruthlessly.
And at each stroke, he cracked some joke to mock you, sir.
I should have known that no peasant would keep his word if it did not suit him.
I will go in search of this brute and punish him, as I promised.

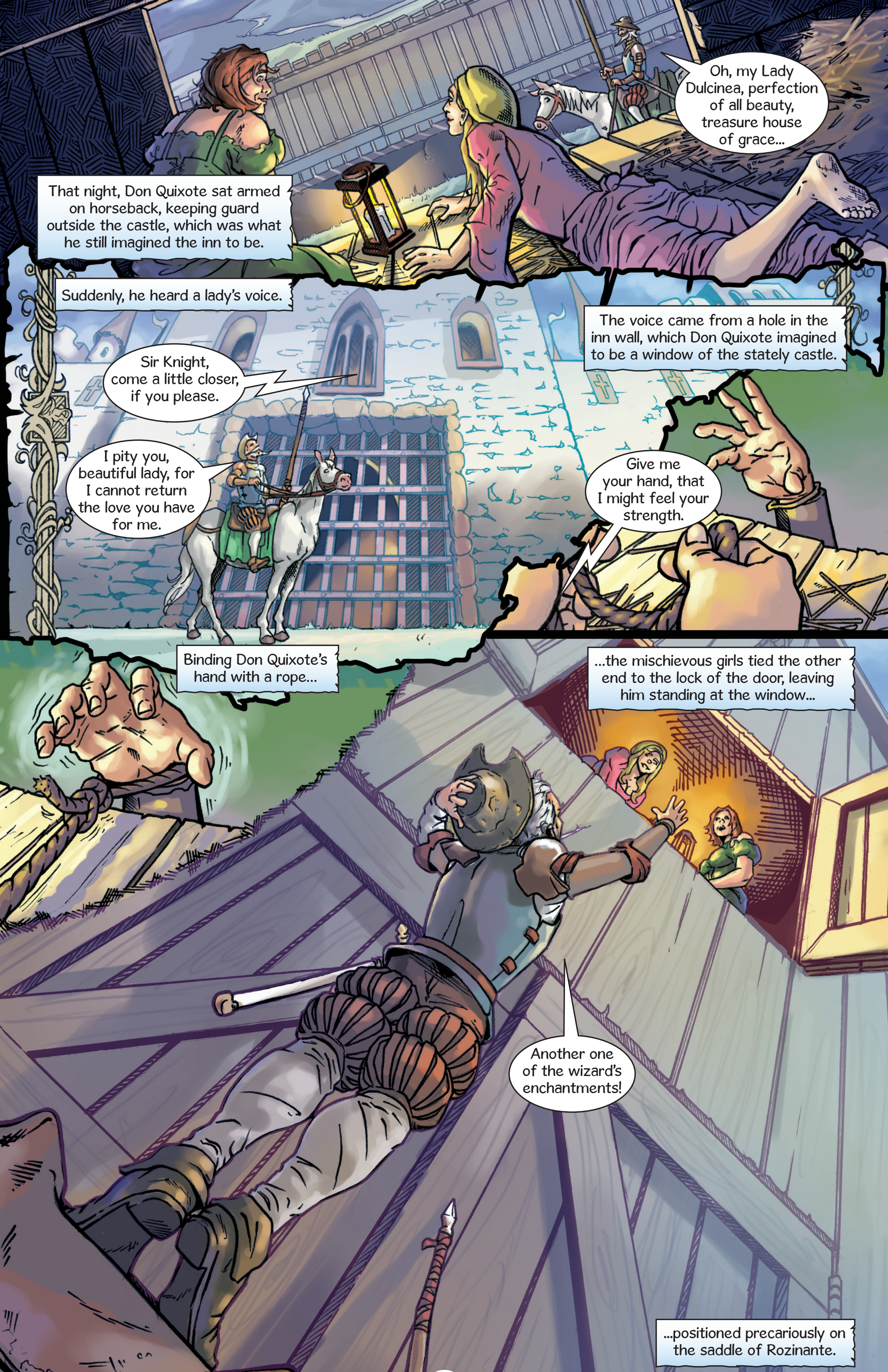

Please remember, sir, that you are pledged to my task before all others.
You are bound by duty to do what you have pledged.
These gentlemen are right. I have another promise to fulfill first. Therefore, you must wait patiently for my return. But when I do return, I promise not to rest till you are satisfied and paid.
I dare not trust in that. I'd rather have something to eat and some money in my pocket.
Here, friend, here is something for you. Each of us has a share in your misfortune.
What share do you have in it?
The bread and cheese I have given you, for who knows if I will need it.

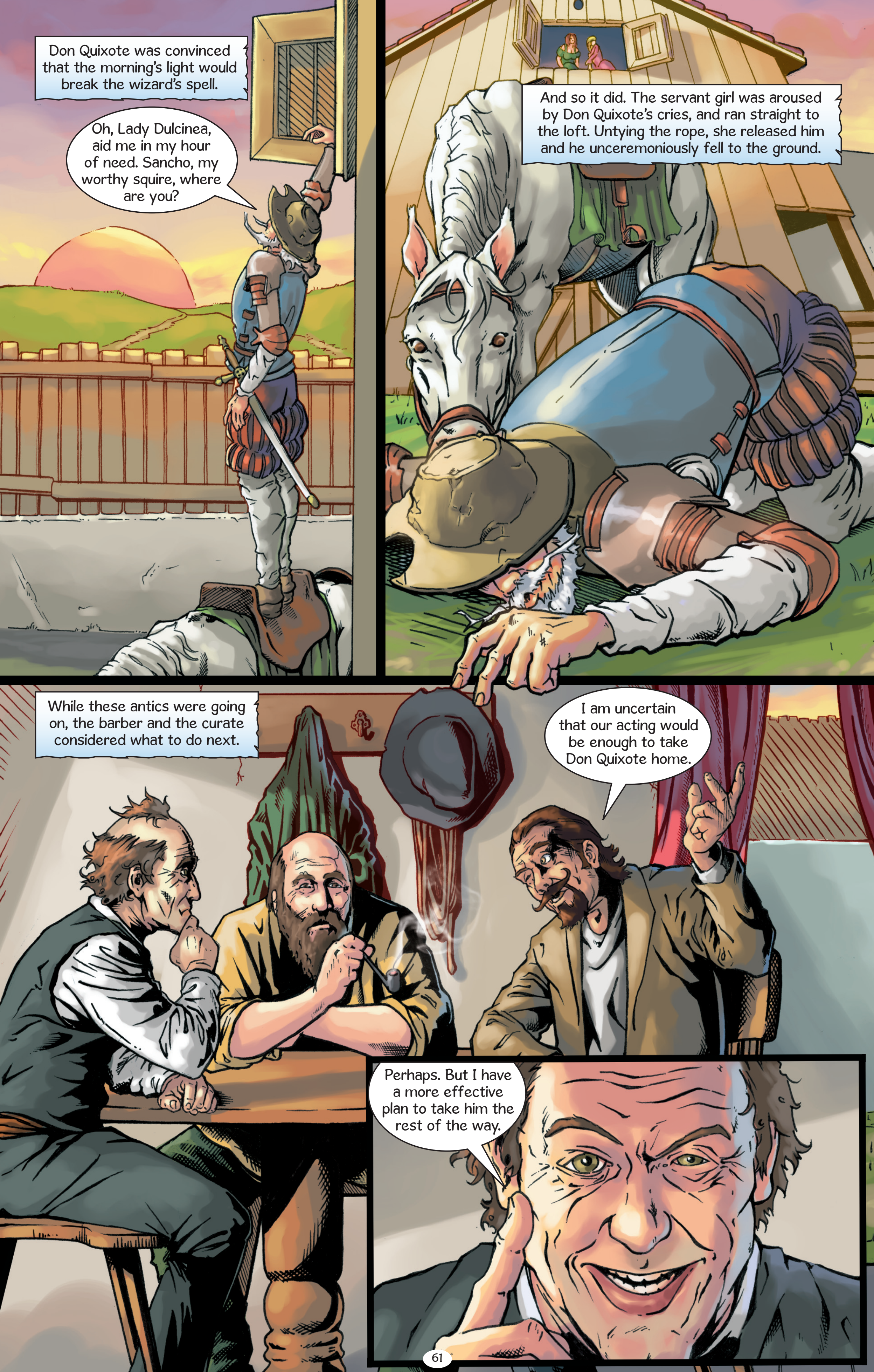


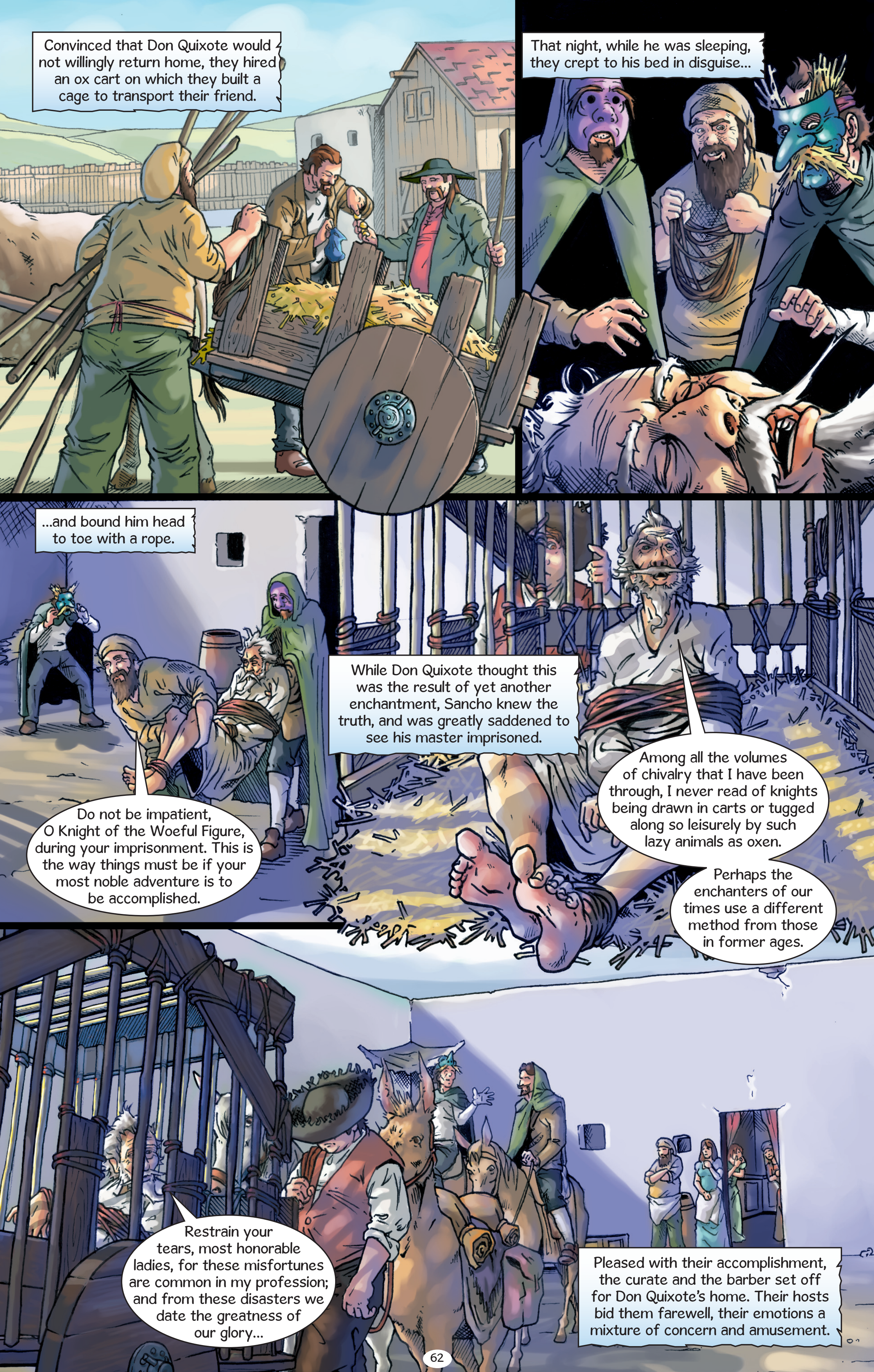
Andrew snatched whatever he was offered and, seeing no likelihood of any more, he marched off.

Sir Knight, if you ever meet me again in your travels, which I hope you never will, even if I am being cut into pieces...
...do not come to my aid, but leave me to my misfortunes.
No matter how bad my situation is, it will be better than what it will be after your help.
May god curse you and all the knights that were ever born.


The travelers eventually came to the inn where Don Quixote and Sancho Panza had spent their troubled night, and where the barber and the curate had so fortunately met Sancho.
Welcome back, Sir Knight.
A bed for this poor knight, if you please. And this time, one suitable for his reputation.
If the knight had paid, he would have had a bed fit for a prince.

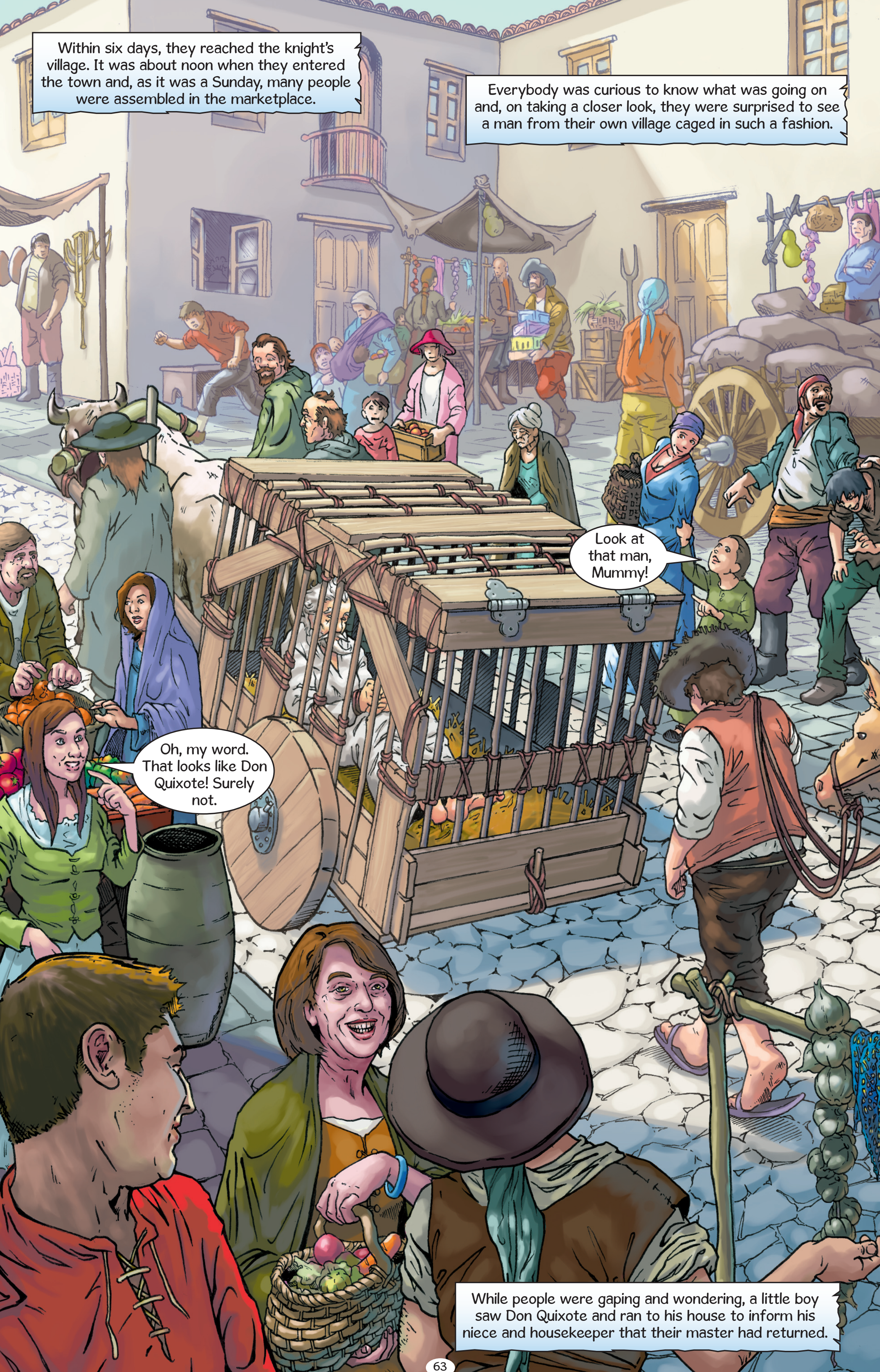

That night, Don Quixote sat armed on horseback, keeping guard outside the castle, which was what he still imagined the inn to be.
Oh, my Lady Dulcinea, perfection of all beauty, treasure house of grace...
Suddenly, he heard a lady's voice.
Sir Knight, come a little closer, if you please.
I pity you, beautiful lady, for I cannot return the love you have for me.
The voice came from a hole in the inn wall, which Don Quixote imagined to be a window of the stately castle.
Give me your hand, that I might feel your strength.
Binding Don Quixote's hand with a rope...
...the mischievous girls tied the other end to the lock of the door, leaving him standing at the window...
Another one of the wizard's enchantments!
...positioned precariously on the saddle of Rozinante.


Don Quixote was convinced that the morning's light would break the wizard's spell.
Oh, Lady Dulcinea, aid me in my hour of need. Sancho, my worthy squire, where are you?
And so it did. The servant girl was aroused by Don Quixote's cries, and ran straight to the loft. Untying the rope, she released him and he unceremoniously fell to the ground.
While these antics were going on, the barber and the curate considered what to do next.
I am uncertain that our acting would be enough to take Don Quixote home.
Perhaps. But I have a more effective plan to take him the rest of the way.

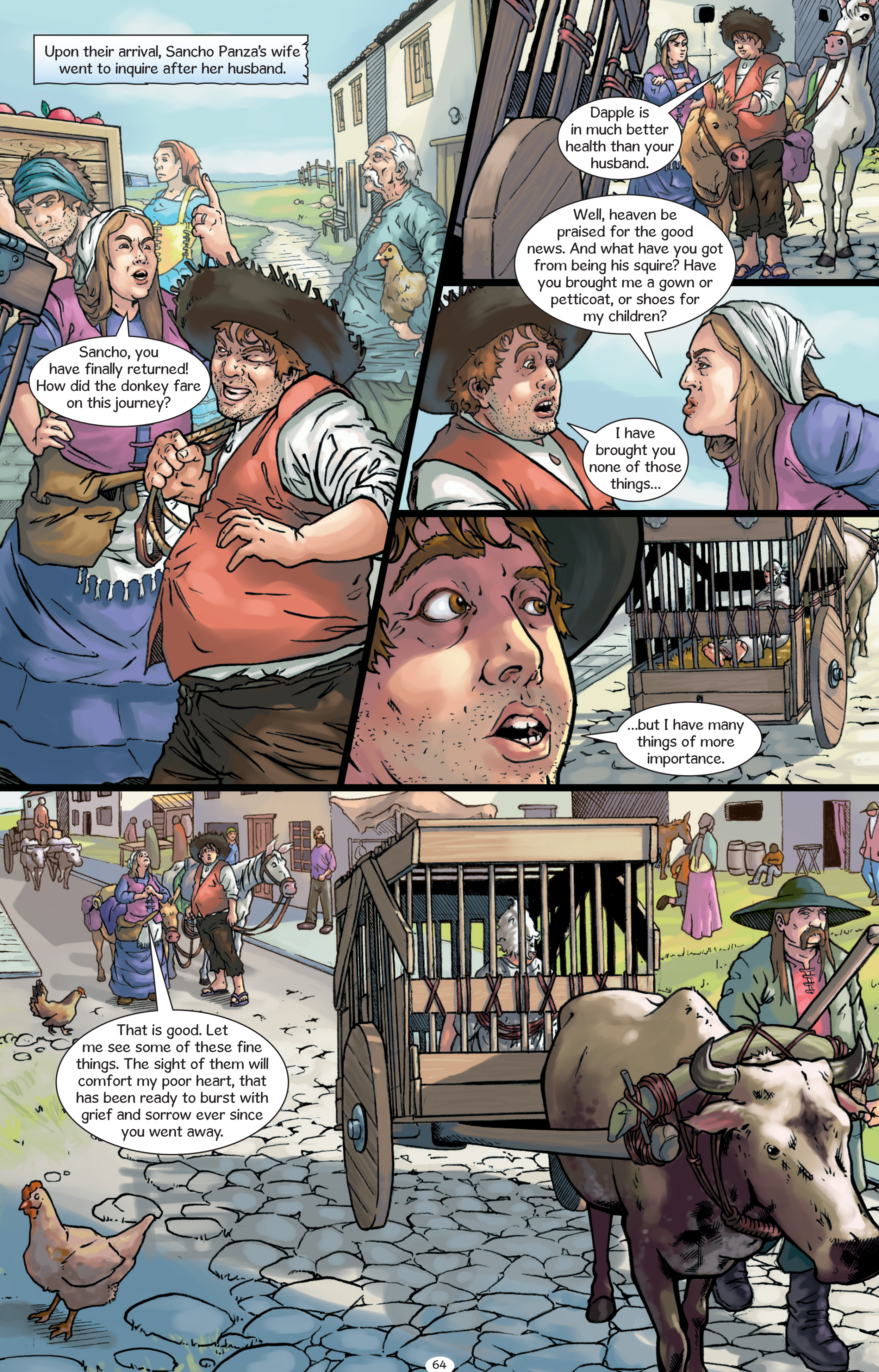

Convinced that Don Quixote would not willingly return home, they hired an ox cart on which they built a cage to transport their friend.
That night, while he was sleeping, they crept to his bed in disguise...
...and bound him head to toe with a rope.
Do not be impatient, O Knight of the Woeful Figure, during your imprisonment. This is the way things must be if your most noble adventure is to be accomplished.
While Don Quixote thought this was the result of yet another enchantment, Sancho knew the truth, and was greatly saddened to see his master imprisoned.
Among all the volumes of chivalry that I have been through, I never read of knights being drawn in carts or tugged along so leisurely by such lazy animals as oxen.
Perhaps the enchanters of our times use a different method from those in former ages.
Restrain your tears, most honorable ladies, for these misfortunes are common in my profession; and from these disasters we date the greatness of our glory...
Pleased with their accomplishment, the curate and the barber set off for Don Quixote's home. Their hosts bid them farewell, their emotions a mixture of concern and amusement.

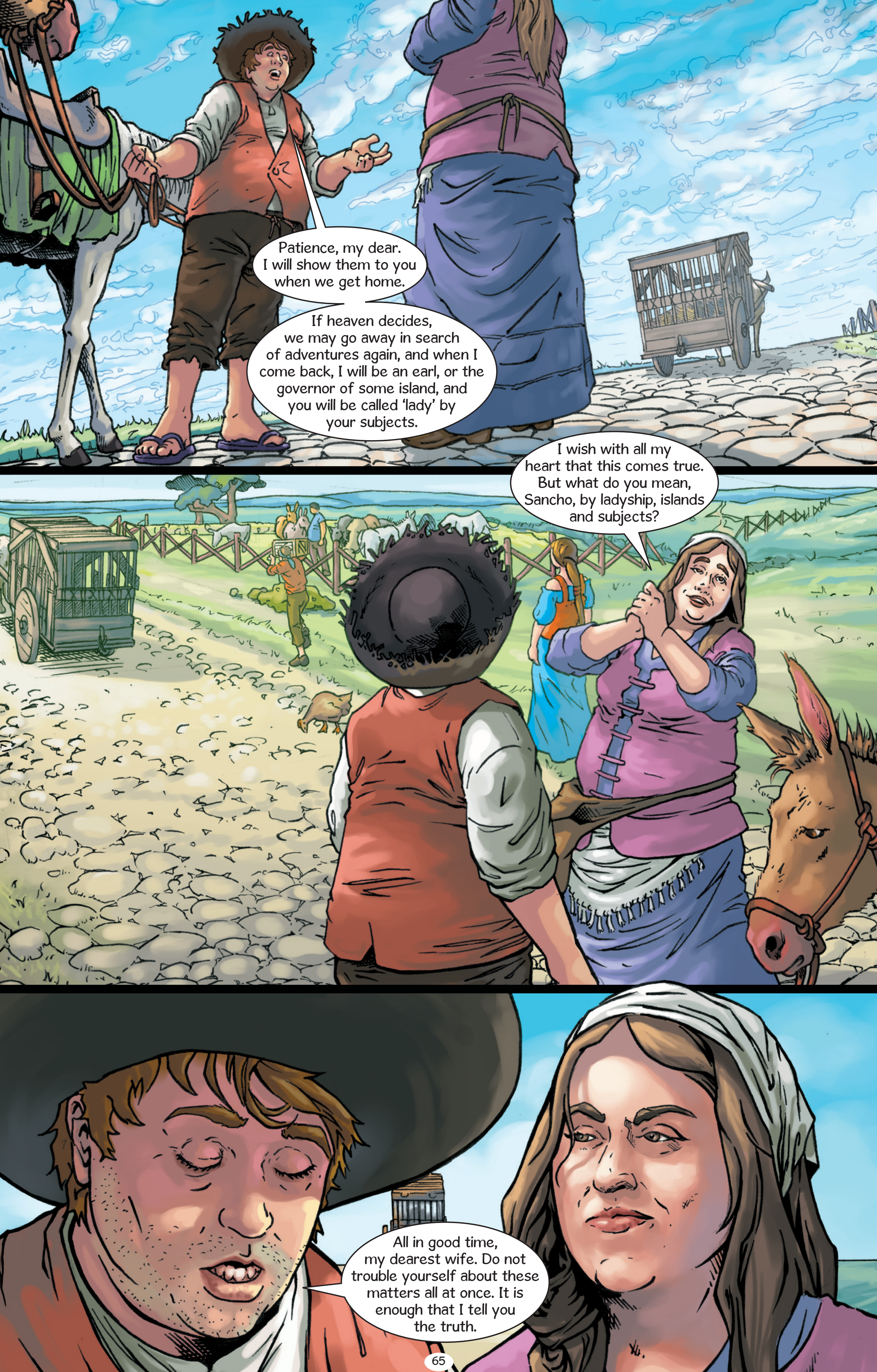
Within six days, they reached the knight's village. It was about noon when they entered the town and, as it was a Sunday, many people were assembled in the marketplace.

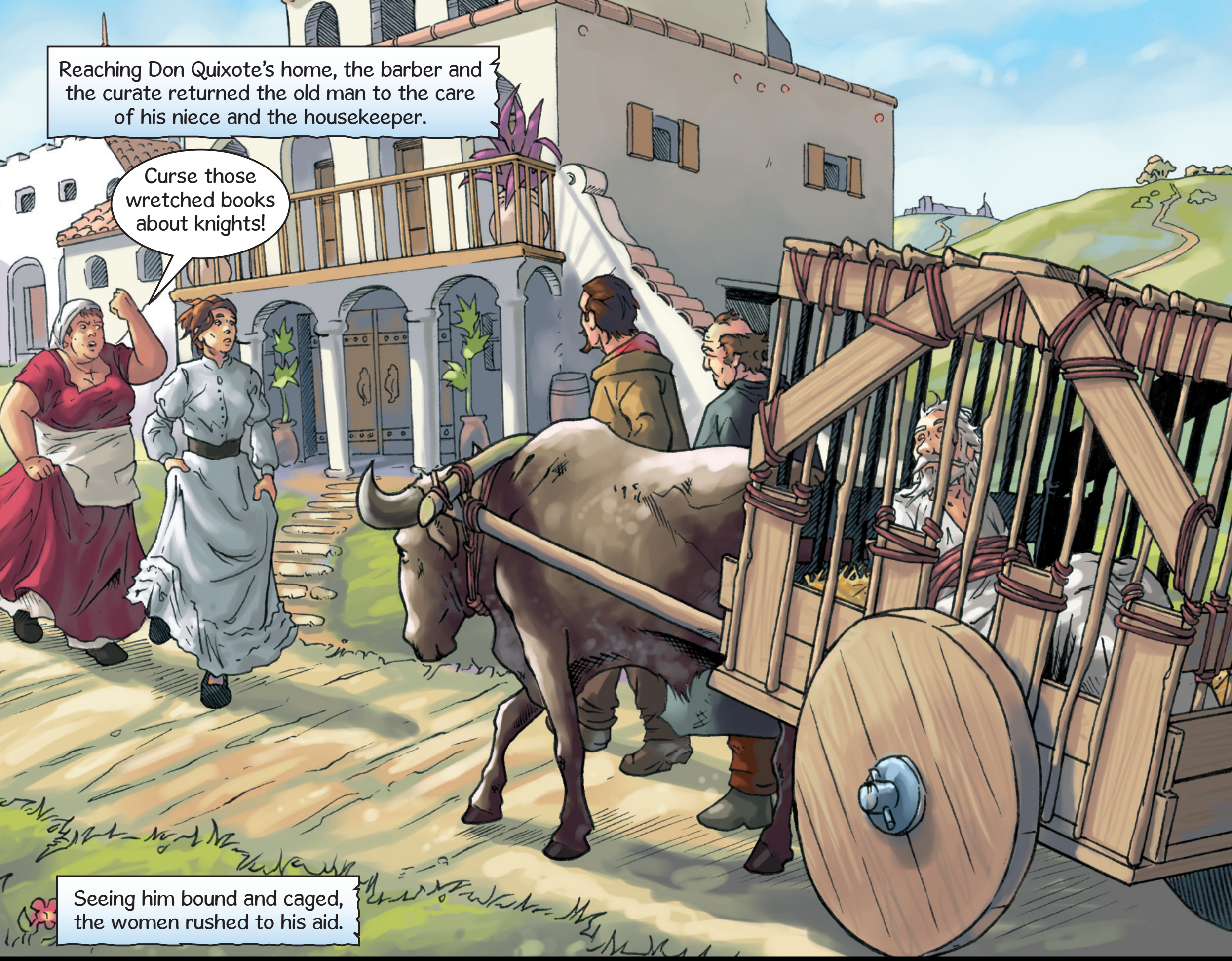
Everybody was curious to know what was going on and, on taking a closer look, they were surprised to see a man from their own village caged in such a fashion.

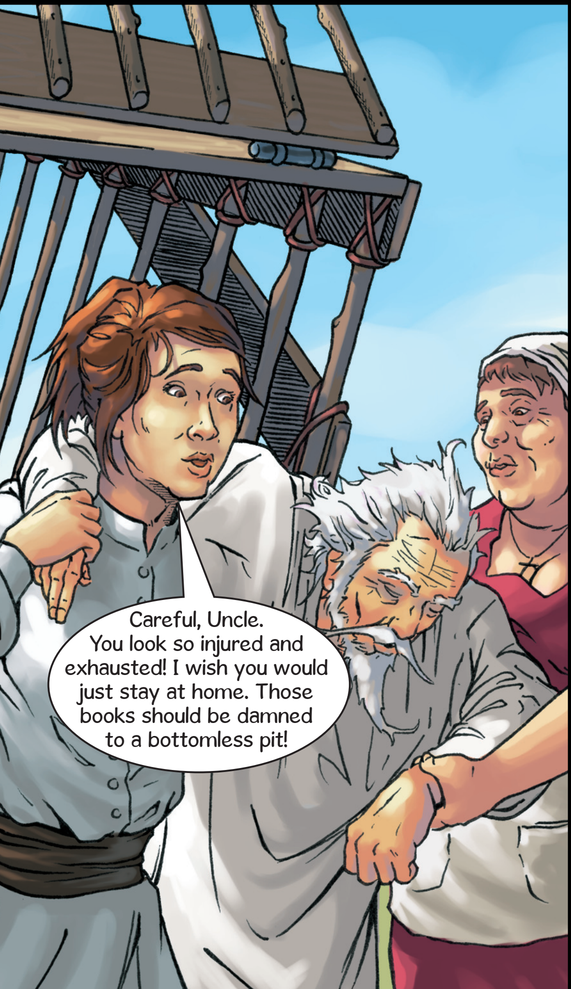

Look at that man, Mummy!
Oh, my word. That looks like Don Quixote! Surely not.

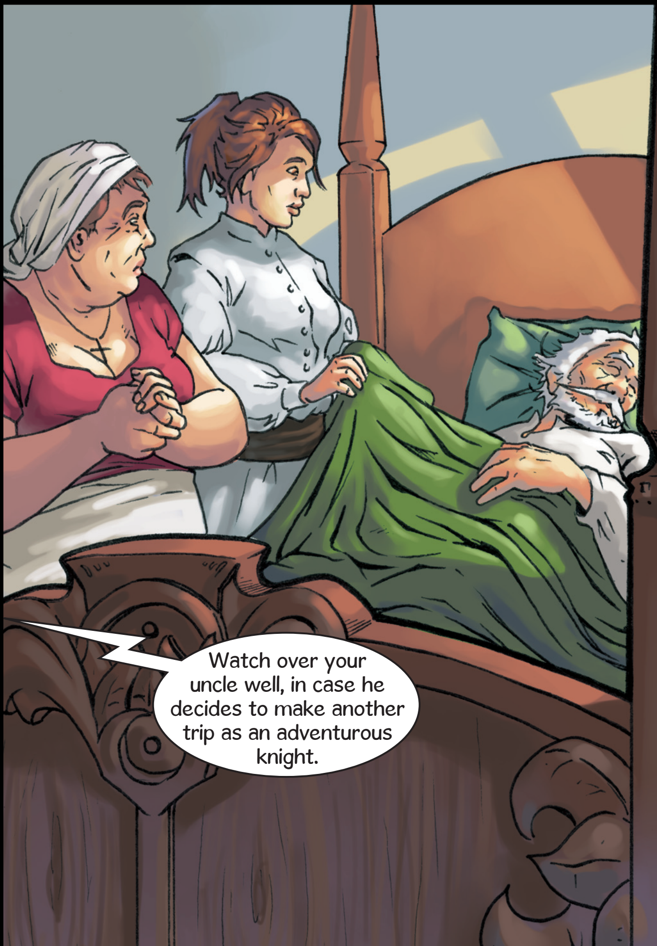
While people were gaping and wondering, a little boy saw Don Quixote and ran to his house to inform his niece and housekeeper that their master had returned.

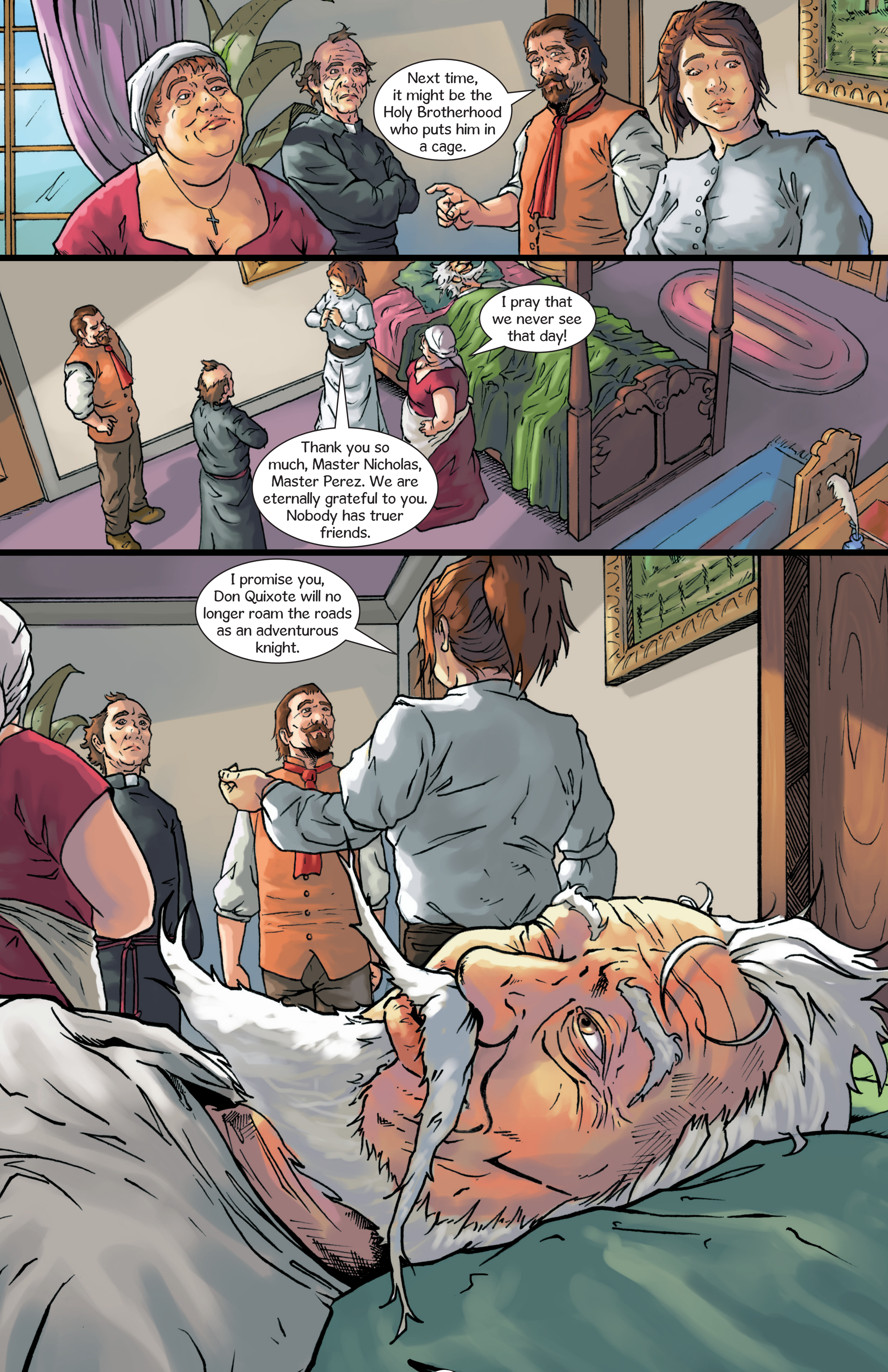

Upon their arrival, Sancho Panza's wife went to inquire after her husband.
Sancho, you have finally returned! How did the donkey fare on this journey?
Dapple is in much better health than your husband.
Well, heaven be praised for the good news. And what have you got from being his squire? Have you brought me a gown or petticoat, or shoes for my children?
I have brought you none of those things...
...but I have many things of more importance.
That is good. Let me see some of these fine things. The sight of them will comfort my poor heart, that has been ready to burst with grief and sorrow ever since you went away.

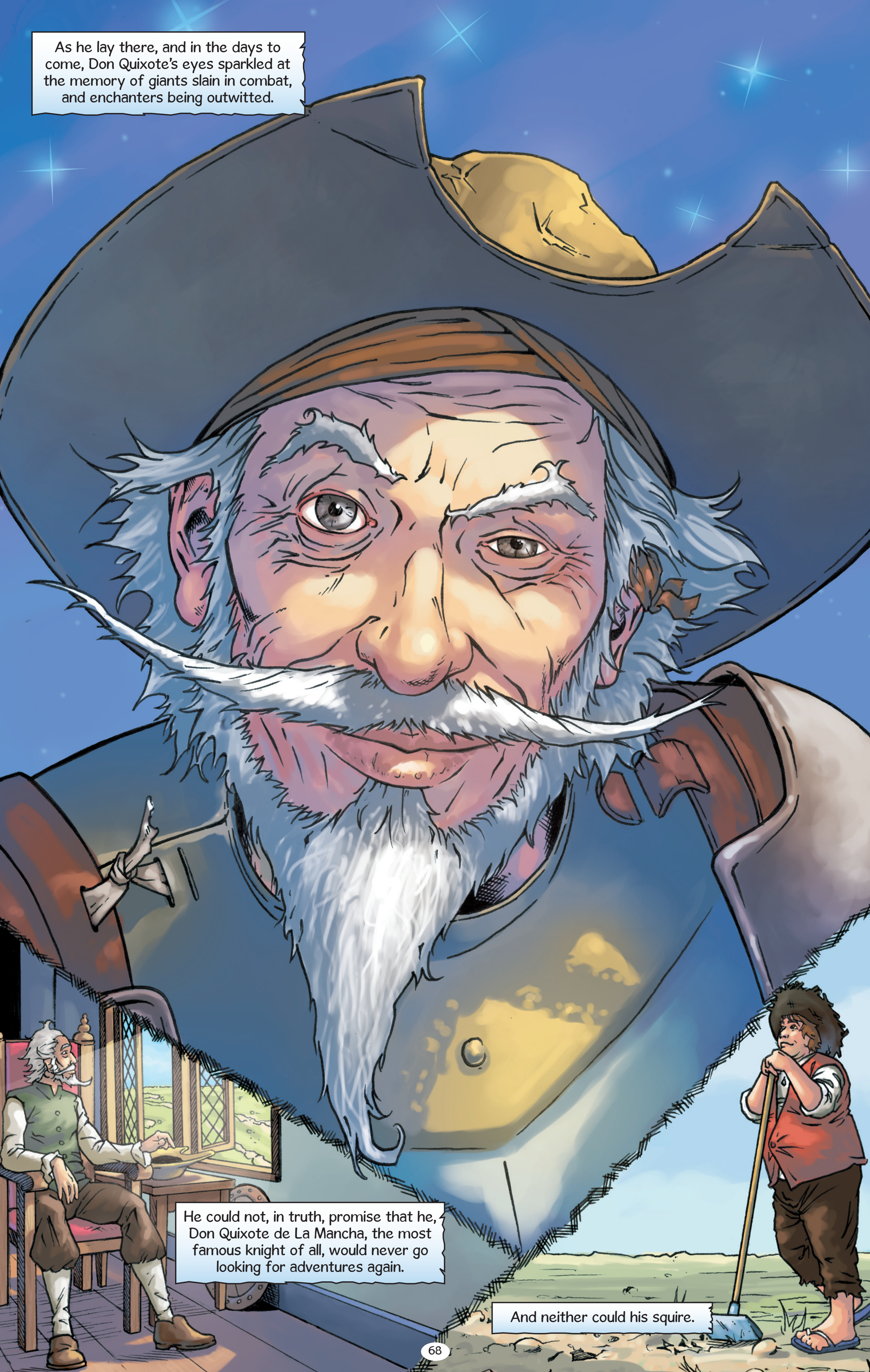

Patience, my dear. I will show them to you when we get home.
If heaven decides, we may go away in search of adventures again, and when I come back, I will be an earl, or the governor of some island, and you will be called 'lady' by your subjects.
I wish with all my heart that this comes true. But what do you mean, Sancho, by ladyship, islands and subjects?
All in good time, my dearest wife. Do not trouble yourself about these matters all at once. It is enough that I tell you the truth.


Reaching Don Quixote's home, the barber and the curate returned the old man to the care of his niece and the housekeeper.
Curse those wretched books about knights!
Seeing him bound and caged, the women rushed to his aid.


Careful, Uncle. You look so injured and exhausted! I wish you would just stay at home. Those books should be damned to a bottomless pit!


Watch over your uncle well, in case he decides to make another trip as an adventurous knight.


Next time, it might be the Holy Brotherhood who puts him in a cage.
I pray that we never see that day!
Thank you so much, Master Nicholas, Master Perez. We are eternally grateful to you. Nobody has truer friends.
I promise you, Don Quixote will no longer roam the roads as an adventurous knight.


As he lay there, and in the days to come, Don Quixote's eyes sparkled at the memory of giants slain in combat, and enchanters being outwitted.
He could not, in truth, promise that he, Don Quixote de La Mancha, the most famous knight of all, would never go looking for adventures again.
And neither could his squire.

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Full of intrigue, swordplay, and revenge, this book is an all-time favorite of adventure lovers.

Young d'Artagnan has only one ambition—to be a king's musketeer some day.

With these dreams, he reaches Paris. Monsieur de Treville makes him a member of the king's guards, and promises that if he proves his worth he can become a musketeer one day.

In Paris, d'Artagnan befriends Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, the three musketeers; and also falls in love with the beautiful Constance Bonancieux, Queen Anne's linen maid.

But little does he know that Queen Anne would soon fall into trouble with her husband, King Louise XIII, because of her secret lover, which is what the cardinal wants. With Constance begging him to help, and the wicked cardinal and his men chasing him, will d'Artagnan be able to save the queen's honor? Will he ever fulfill his dream of being a musketeer?

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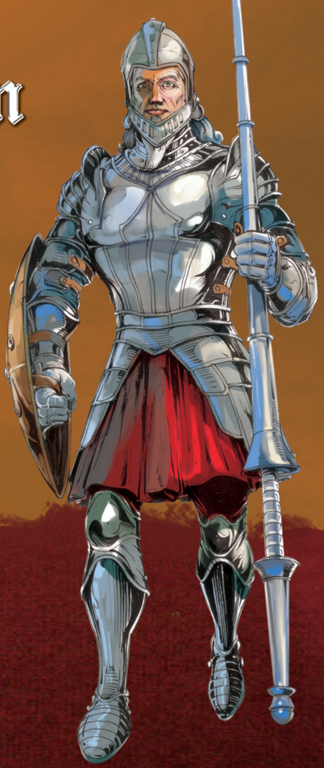
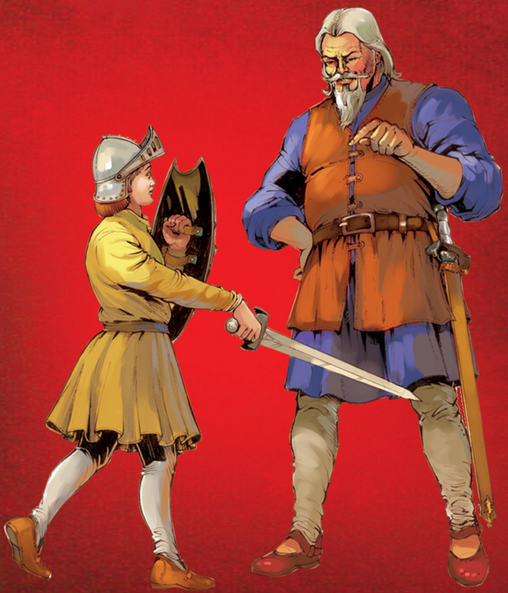
Chivalry and Knights in Shining Armour

In the medieval times, a knight would seek out adventure, hoping to test his skills and prowess as a warrior. He would try to win his lady love by rescuing her from villains or by showing his skills in a jousting tournament. Chivalry was idealized. Being chivalrous meant being brave, courteous toward women, honorable, and gallant.

Don Quixote was obsessed with the life of the adventurous knights, and their tales of chivalry. Let's find out more about them.





The Knight Life

Becoming a knight was not that simple. The first step to knighthood was to become a page. Young boys would be sent off to serve as pages in a lord's castle. There, they would be taught about weapons, good manners, horsemanship, and perform various other duties around the castle. Thus they were trained to become squires, who were then sent to help knights.

A squire's training focussed on strength, fitness, and skill with various weapons. The squire would care for the knight's horse, polish the knight's armor, and maintain his weapons. They would learn the rules of chivalry and listen to epic tales of famous kings and knights, like King Arthur and Sir Lancelot. After years of training, and usually around the age of twenty-one, the squire would go through the dubbing ceremony and be knighted.

Knights who live in our world

The Queen of England still has the power to knight people. But now, the term 'knight' is used to recognize people for their great contributions to society. When knighted, men are given the title of 'Sir'. Knights you are sure to know:

Sir Steven Spielberg—
famous movie director

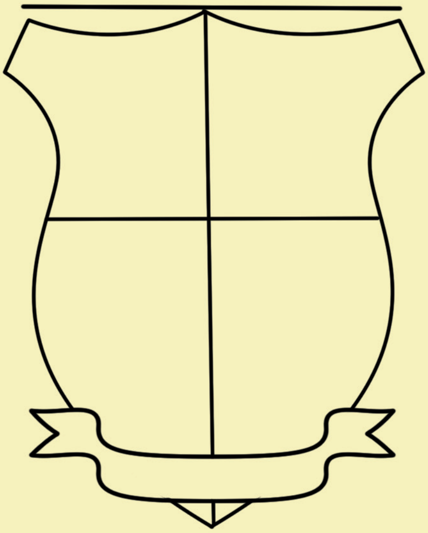
Sir Sean Connery—
famous James Bond actor

Sir Paul McCartney—
member of the famous
music band, The Beatles

'Quixotic'—An eponym

An eponym is the name of a person (fictional/real) after whom a place, thing, or quality is named. A part of Don Quixote's name—Quixote—has been used to coin the term 'quixotic'. It means an unrealistically optimistic and unworkable approach to life.

Create your own coat of arms



In ancient and medieval Europe, families created coats of arms that represented them. They would have their own symbols on the shields that they took to battle.

Given on your right is a blank coat of arms. Write your surname in the space above the coat of arms. In the four squares, draw four symbols that are special or important to your family. Then create a motto and write it inside the ribbon at the bottom. There you go—your very own coat of arms is ready!

Did you know?

- There is a ballet form named 'Don Quixote'.
- The original tale was actually called *El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quijote de la Mancha*, or *The Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha*.
- Since 1972, the International Cervantes Culture Festival is held every year in Mexico, in honor of Cervantes and his immortal creation, Don Quixote.

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DON QUIXOTE
PART I

Don Quixote—the name is universally known for the idealistic, possibly insane, wannabe knight as much as a masterpiece of literature. *Don Quixote*, the book is widely regarded as the first modern novel while Don Quixote, the character, is among the most recognizable and loveable ever created.

The author, Miguel de Cervantes, once said of Don Quixote that he was created so 'that children may handle him, youths may read him, men may understand him and old men may celebrate him.' Truly, the misadventures of Quixote and his faithful squire, Sancho Panza, are comic and entertaining to readers of all ages. At the same time, they speak deeply of man's place in the world and his aspirations.

This Campfire graphic novel adaptation is the ideal introduction to a story that readers will return to again and again throughout their lifetime—to read it, revel in it, and love it.

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